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THE
SUMMER-DAY.
A
P O E M:
IN FOUR
C A N T O S.





20 APR 1955

T H E
SUMMER-DAY.

A
P O E M:
IN FOUR
C A N T O S,
MORNING, NOON,
EVENING and NIGHT.

D U B L I N:
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M,DCC,LXIX.



P R E F A C E.

ALL ages, I believe, have been more addicted to the pleasant than the profitable. This at least is true of the present time. Pleasure is the idol whose temple is constantly crowded with votaries: but that knowledge, whose end is to make us truly capable of happiness here and hereafter, is neglected as a trifle, is out-weighed by every poultry feather of fashion.— Thus men hunt after the shadow, but neglect the substance:— they court pleasure, but do not cultivate the method of enjoying it:— they would live, and yet neglect the science of life.

Were we accustomed to reflect that the mind is, in a great measure, to be made here—that, in proportion as this is improved, our capacity of enjoying true pleasure and of becoming more useful members of society is enlarged—a sense of duty and interest would prevail on us to embrace instruction from whatsoever quarter, or in whatsoever dress it came; we would attend like planets, on the man of genius and knowledge, and be improved by him, as they are, by the lustre and warmth of their sun.

Was it only said that man is too often inconsiderate of such improvement—that he is negligent of acquiring that health and beauty of mind which shall flourish beyond the grave—and continues to grope in the glooms of ignorance, when, almost for wishing, he might enjoy the light of those important truths, benevolently issued from the DIVINE PERFECTION—the representation would be melancholy indeed. But, the depravity of human nature is still greater: for, there are those, to whom, information, however important; is absolutely disgusting. The dissipated, the proud and the indolent, shrink from instruction as from chastisement—they consider it as an accusation, and a mortifying one it is, since it exposes their wants and neglects—where they would wish them as little understood as by their bitterest enemies—to themselves. Hence it is, that by stratagem only, such are to be engaged to the path of improvement. The way must be strewed with flowers: and, to be an agreeable companion instruction must appear in the dress of pleasure. Thus, they may be reclaimed under the fancy of being pleased; and learn, if the expression is allowable, without knowing it.

In such a manner it is attempted in the following poem, to engage the votaries of pleasure to the interests of virtue; to inculcate those sentiments with which “ every field and wood may be consecrated, and an ordinary walk converted into

a morning



a morning or evening sacrifice." Should it be found, though but in a single instance, to promote a livelier sense of the duty man owes to his maker, to society, and himself, the author must consider his endeavours, as greatly over-paid.

The piece is divided into four parts, agreeable to the divisions of the day; and it has been endeavoured, that each shall exhibit a picture of that season which gives it title. Those appearances which are of greatest beauty and use, are particularly attended to—such as, sun-rise, sun-set, moon-light; and the starry-heavens. The episodes immediately arise from the subject of the poem, or are related thereto; and these are extensive according as it was thought they would enliven, and forward the chief design of it—instruction. The tetraastick, in which it is written, was made choice of, appearing capable of being so constructed, as, in a great measure to unite in itself, the various modulation of blank-verse, and the melody of the couplet. The circumstance alone, of pretty much avoiding that languid and fatiguing sameness of movement, to which the latter is liable, in spight of ability in the writer, was a sufficient recommendation of the stanza: but, there is another, not unessential consideration in its favour; which is, that the couplet often hazards doing a farther injury to the grace of variety, as it is no extraordinary matter, on reading one line to discover the

rhime

rhimie of its relative—a circumstance, to which the stanza can never be so liable.

To the ingenious few, who dare be unfashionable enough to consider an author as a meer man, with the infirmities of mortality on his back, this volume is submitted. If it deserves, they will applaud; and otherwise, their corrections will be welcome—for the writer wishes nothing more than to improve.



O D E.

O D E.

T O

D. M I L L S, M. D.

O F those who live to virtue just,
The *muse* with extacy doth sing ;
Conscious, she thus fulfils her *trust*,
And makes to *heaven* an offering.

Sweet is the warble of her lays !
Pure is the lustre of her page !
When she transmits their names to praise,
Of present time, and future age.

O ! let thy name adorn my song,
And let me speak thee as thou art ;
Distinguish'd in the worthy throng,
For all the honesty of heart.

'Tis—like the sun's—thy constant care,
To pour the *wholesome* influence ;
All *gloom* to banish from thy sphere,
And *comfort*'s cordial warmth dispense.

Doth

Doth WANT demand? — thou deal'st relief:

Doth SORROW feel the sharp distress? —

Thou wip'st away the tear of grief,

And blessings prov'st that thou canst bless.

Doth pale DISEASE apply to thee,

To exercise the healing art? —

Thou fly'st — insured of a fee —

The sweet *applauses* of the heart.

This! this is *life* becoming man,

A *triumph* o'er the ills of fate!

This, this is life on heav'n's own plan!

This is a *heav'n t'* anticipate.

Here, by *such* deeds, a life's acquir'd;

Blest *prize* for those that dare be *just*!

Who live a *second* time, admir'd

Like PHENIX rising from his *dust*!

Wealth, titles, state, let others know,

In VIRTUE thus would I excell;

Me, may an honest heart bestow,

Sweet fame, like thine, of doing well!

'Till from thy mortal mixture freed,

No more by thee can be obtain'd;

Thine then will be th' immortal meed,

Which VIRTUE's *sainted-sons* have gain'd.

Can I but boast, my youth by thee
 Was taught what joys on *friendship* tend ?
 O ! while life's-stream doth flow in me,
 Be thou a blessing, in the friend !

In characters time cannot rase,
 Is wrote on memory, the hour,
 When, in thy happy rural place,
 I first hail'd sacred friendship's pow'r !

'Twas there, the *muse*, like MAIA gay,
 Who *sheep-book* wears, caught my esteem :
 She bade me sing the SUMMER-DAY —
 I bow'd — and ventur'd on the theme.

To thee I wake the artless song ;
 In thy indulgence let it live ! —
 Did happier verse to me belong ;
 How much would be my joy to give.





M O R N I N G.

THE FIRST

C A N T O.





MORNING.

CANTO I.

THE gray east, *gleaming*, speaks approach of
MORN :

Ethereal *mildness* doth precede her reign :
Her modest blushes, now, the skies adorn,
And *gladness* smiles o'er the enliven'd plain !

How *steam* the distant fields their dewy store :—
Mark how yon *misty curtain* doth arise,
Disclosing still the swelling mountain more,
Till the wide scene sublimely meets the eyes.

The *cock*, attentive of advancing day,
On shepherds-ear, with trumpet-notes doth cry ;
The summons, strait those sons of health obey :
Already forth, the jocund village hie.

His humble nest the little *lark* forsakes ;
With crest exalted, heav'n-ward now he strays ;
Still as he climbs the loftier strain he wakes,
Like PINDAR travelling through *musick's maze*.

Let

M O R N I N G.

Let me with thee, thou first of nature's quire !
 Still let me rise and praise th' ETERNAL WILL,
 Who made thy bosom like a boundless lyre,
 To lavish musick yet be fruitful still !

Who paints, with harmony of hue the skies ;
 Who breathes, and health and joy enrich the air !
 In pearly clusters now, whose bounty lies,
 On herb, and flower, exulting in his care !

Rous'd by this *ode*, the natives of the grove
 Forsake their roosts, and join the cheerful strain :
 At large the unpen'd fleecy-people rove,
 And, with the frequent bleat, their joy explain.

Now, on the bank, o'er-hung with woodbine sweet,
 The swain, reclin'd, awakes his tuneful reed ;
 While ECHO mimicks from her mossy seat,
 The flocks, as if delighted, cease to feed.

'TIS GLORY's beam !—In his impurpled shade
 See, bridegroom-like, the all-enliv'ning SUN !
 Hail ! hail to thee who com'st in smiles array'd
 And Majesty ! thy blessed course to run !

With dimpled cheek, and blooming like the May,
 While *Pleasure*—born of *Plenty*—tends thy beams ;
 While all the GRACES hail thee on thy way,
 And thy fond welcome *Nature*'s laugh proclaims !



O thou !

O thou ! the DELEGATE of heav'n ! whose reign
Is *life* of worlds ! is *health* ! is *joy* sincere !
Shall I not praise thee ? O ! shall not my strain
Attempt to tell thy *bounties* on the year ?

Green-mantled SPRING to thee owes ev'ry charm :
Alone, the influence of thy fost'ring ray,
Sends flowing life her infant's veins to warm,
And gives their parts to open fair and gay :

That doth the earthy nutriment sublime,
Which, drank in plenty by each latent root,
Through gladen'd ducts of ev'ry plant doth climb,
To burst the gem, and feed the embryo fruit :*

That

* It is no secret, that, in general, the buds, little as they are, contain not only the leaves that are for future expansion, and the fruits wrapped in the blossoms that are yet to blow ; but, that in each, a miniature is maintained, capable of growth, with the liniaments, and adapted for the productions that distinguish the mother-tree. What admirable, what astonishing contrivance is requisite, to deposite in so confined a compass such a variety of matter ! Yet, if we enquire into the contents of seeds, much more will appear to be done in an incomparably smaller space. Every seed contains a plant like the parent, perfectly furnished with roots, branches, leaves and seeds : those seeds cherish their plants accommodated in the like manner : whose seeds are *again* and *again* the abodes of other plants, perfectly formed and furnished. This is equally

That lends the springing flow'rs their ev'ry hue,
 And gives those sweets they ever breathe to thee :
 That bids the wood her beauties to renew,
 And the lethargick stream again be free :

Thee, king of seasons ! thee, *then* nature hails !
 Hill, dale, and woodland with thy praises ring !
HEALTH, and her sister **MIRTH**, ten thousand tales
 Teach **ECHO**, of the bounties thou dost bring !

Then to the temple of thy ruddy **MAY**,
 In many a band the jocund **LOVES** resort ;
 There, deckt with chaplets of her blooms so gay,
 They sing to thee, inspirer of their sport :

They

equally the case, whether the seeds are of the larger kind, or smaller than any thing visible by the naked eye. Can the nicest mechanical work be set in competition with the coarsest of these ?—Even the famous cup which **OSWALD NERLINGE** made of a pepper-corn, and which was capacious enough, not only to admit into its bowl, twelve hundred ivory cups of his carving, each gilt on the edge and accommodated with a foot, but had space sufficient for four hundred more, must appear, if opposed by a common seed, as the work of a botch. And still much more must the nicest performances of art be degraded, if set in comparison with some others ;

Such, as though under noon's full flood of light,
 And in the neighbourhood of curious sight,
 Wculd mock its search, as wrapt in darkness' shade,
 Or hid in worlds not yet by thought survey'd.

Take,

They own thee parent of each soft desire ;
Confess their raptures all, deriv'd from thee ;
And bless the influence of thy sacred fire,
Which throughout life now spreads festivity !

SUMMER, with tresses beauteous as thy beams,
Whose cheek hath stol'n the peach's ripen'd glow,
Through snowy robe of thinnest texture, seems
As proud, to thee her lovely form to shew :

She smiles upon the garland that she bears
Of spicy *pinks*, and *roses* sweet to see ;
And, as an off'ring, brings the swelling ears
Ting'd with thy hue, in gratitude to thee :

C For

Take, to assist thee, LEWENHOECK's art,
And this, perchance, some glimpses may impart,
Sufficient just unto thy sense t' express,
That they, than pow'rful fancy's least, are less :
Yet *each* dwarf attom as it is, hath room
To lodge the living *plants*, in health and bloom,
Which may, in future ages, grace some spring,
And spread the branch where birds may nest and sing !

This extreme minuteness of seeds is not imaginary : those of *fern* are many degrees less than any thing to be seen by the strongest eye ; and the seeds of *mushrooms* (if those plants are so produced) are incomparably less, for they elude the reach of the best microscopes. How astonishing is it, that a grain so inconceivably small, can contain

M O R N I N G.

For well she knows what thy blest *beams* bestow :
 They give her flow'rs to wear the noblest hues ;
 And, unto them, those painted people, owe
 Their precious cargo of ambrosial dews :

Sublim'd by them, her fruitage learns to wear
 The ripen'd glow.—Like bashful virgin grace
 When first on action's stage it doth appear,
 The cherry, soonest shews, her blushing face :

The richer sorts then in succession come :—
 The od'rous *apricot* :—of taste divine,
 The vermeil *peach* :—the sweetly purpled *plumb*,
 Most deeply freighted with nectareous wine.

W H A T time aslope thou driv'ſt thy beamy car,
 And measur'ſt out an equal night and day,
 And view'ſt this diming world but from afar,
 And, woo'd by THETIS, seek'ſt too soon the sea ;

A U T U M N appears :—the virgin, who befriends
 The jovial youth, with ivy-wreathed brows ; *
 Who, with his laughing train, on her attends,
 And chants her praises wheresoe'er she goes :—

A sweet

tain the rudiments of a plant ! This is a striking proof of the *omnipotence* of the creating hand, which is as wonderful in the *smallest* as in the *greatest*—in the *seed* as in the tree—in the *embryo-fruit* as in all the perfection of autumn !

* Bacchus.

A sweet *serenity* dwells on her face ;
A robe of *russet* hue adorns the fair ;
A scarf of *light blue* doth her shoulders grace ;
Vine-leaves and *lavender* inwreathe her hair :

Beside her *PLENTY* walks, with ripe *wheat* crown'd,
Whose sparkling eyes an heart-felt transport shew,
While oft, in cheerful song, she tells around,
' My treasures, I, to *Phebus*' bounty owe :'

AUTUMN, is pensive as a nun the while,
For she fore-sees the cruel gloomy hour,
Which will deprive her of thy cheerful smile,
Will, o'er her reign, display its ruffian pow'r ;

Will sicken nature ; bid the howling storm
Unrobe the hills of all their verdure gay ;
The vallies, and the flow'ry plains, deform ;
And make the sad grove her bare limbs display.

YET, 'tis in *bounty*, thou, to other skies
Withdraw'ft, 'till for her season *WINTER* sways :
Her *pow'r*, th' aerial regions purifies,
Arrests infection, death in embryo stays :

While she doth rule, tree, herb and flow'r, sweet tribe
Of priceless worth ! a due *repose* obtain :
Fresh *vigour* thus those sons of earth imbibe,
To bless, with beauteous progeny, the plain.

Thus, to thy reign, whate'er appears for use
 Of life—down from the greatest to the least—
 Is *due*; with *all*, earth, water, air, produce
 In ev'ry season, ev'ry sense to feast!

Much might the rapt muse sing, yet all would be
 But as the tears of night to copious streams,
 Compar'd with joys that daily flow from thee,
 Innum'rous, even as thy present beams!

How joy'd, in ev'ry wood, on ev'ry thorn,
 The plamy poets now support the strain
 Of nature's teaching, to that *love*, whence MORN
 Derives each charm, each blessing of her reign.

The woodlands now put on the liveliest green
 In nature's gift:—though mute, devotion's theirs!
 E'en yonder mount, with brighten'd look serene
 Smooths the rude frown, and, as in joy appears.

The stream—the village mirror—all as clear
 As burnisht crystal, moves its maze along;
 Sweetly its murmuring musick sooths the ear,
 And finely fills the universal song.

That vi'let bank!—how wond'rous sweet it smells!
 Arabia yields not a more rich perfume!—
 Yon dewy rose now opes her secret cells
 Of balm, and rivals morning's lovely bloom!

Such

Such off'rings as those sweets rose to the skies,
Ere incense breathed from the hallow'd pire;
Such praiseful song as this to heav'n did rise,
Ere man appear'd to lead the earthly quire.

And were his voice ne'er tun'd, by giving praise
To THEE ! whose fame extends beyond each pole
Beyond all space ! the meanest herb would raise
Proofs of thy goodness *Nature's Endless Soul* !

Each bloom would utter its best sweet to THEE !
Each fruit THY bounty tell in its ripe glow !
Each shrub adore THEE in humility !
And ev'ry oak soar, but THY Pow'R to shew !

The stream would warble to the breeze *Thy Love* !
The breeze would carry it from hill to vale,
Until each vocal native of the grove
Gave tuneful language to the glorious tale !

The earth's each part would catch the voice, and sing !
The winds in boldest notes would sound *thy name* !
The flowing tide to THEE would glory bring,
And ebbing, found its CIRCUMSCRIBER's fame !

Thou LIFE of LIFE ! O let it, let it be
My pride—for man how glorious!—to express
The thanks, the homage of the heart, to THEE
Whose LOVE ! is gaily wrote o'er nature's dress !

MORNING.

NATURE—O favour'd man!—to thee displays
 A volume pen'd by heav'n!—with REASON's eyes
 There read—there learn thy GOD's exalted ways;
 There study, *self*; if thou know'st what to prize.

What shouldst thou prize, ah! what shouldst thou
 pursue,
 But that which doth true joy and profit bring?
 Can *Wealth*, can *State* still give these to thy view?
 Is LOVE or BEAUTY's charms their happy spring?

'Tis not in WEALTH to satisfy the mind:
 The vain alone, that meteor STATE, desire:
 LOVE's joys are kindred to the transient wind:
 BEAUTY's a shade to cheat those who admire.

Read nature oft—the oft'ner, more thou'l't prize
 Her moral page: new views of it, still bring
 New joys; and still bid real profits rise;
 For it is genuine WISDOM's genuine spring!

Thus, with thy pleasure's, thou wilt hap'ly find
 Thy duty link'd; thus at thy reason's eye,
 Thou wilt obtain a blisful *health* of mind,
 To last through time, and through eternity!

BUT who is she that comes across the lawn,
 With careless grace in azure robe array'd?
 She treads as lightly as the nimble fawn,
 Who scudding, hardly bends the tender blade.

Upon

MORNING.

33

Upon her cheek, each eager to prevail,
The white, and red rose, hold a lovely strife!
Her bosom shames the lilly of the dale,
Thus made of snow warm'd into lovely life.

The hue, and emanation of her eyes,
The sapphire's tint and brillancy display!
Such harmony all o'er her person lies
As FANCY, plastick maid, did ne'er survey!

She pictures well the tender queen of love,
Adorn'd with beauty's ev'ry magick charm,
Hast'ning to meet her ADON in the grove,
In hopes the bashful shepherd's heart to warm.

Ah me!—'tis HEALTH!—the damsel all admire,
Whose eyes e'er feasted on her world of charms;
And, EXERCISE the hoary swain's her fire,
And TEMPERANCE long bore her in her arms:

She seldom fails to hail, in cheerful lay,
The earliest blush on MORNING's cheek that glows;
Her days on nimble pinions glide away;
No horrors e'er disturb her night's repose.

Not so the man who makes his morning, *noon*;
His noon-tide, *evening*; and his evening, *night*:
He forfeits nature's ev'ry richest boon,
To catch a shadow's shade—he calls delight.

When,

MORNING.

When, from the nothings that fatigue his hours,
He doth retire to woe the sweets of rest,
Does fancy rove through eden's blooming bow'rs,
Or splendid realms, tenanted by the blest?

Far different!—From some convulsive height
O'er-hanging stygian-depths, the wretch is hurl'd!
Or, him with scorpion-whips, the furies smite;
And force to wander in a fun-less world!

Or sickly thought presents the gasty train,
By whom, remorseless, he's in chaos thrown:
Then toils each nerve—each artery doth strain,
The spirits waste in many a fruitless groan!

YE votaries of sloth; ah! quit the bed,
And taste the cool the healthful hours of morn:
The air is *fragrance*! and each *bloom* is spread
O'er earth, and *musick* perches on each thorn!

Doth it become high heav'n's vicegerent, *man*,
Illumin'd with REASON's rays, divinely bright?
To yoke with meanness? err from *Truth*'s own plan?
And sordid sink in sensual delight?

Nature demands but moderate repose;
More than she asks, becomes a real pain;
SLOTH, tyrant-like, indulg'd, more stubborn grows,
Tramples all law, and will despotick reign.

LEARN from the thankful tenants of the grove,
O man of sloth ! to wake the early lay
To nature's parent ! HIM ! whose wond'rous love
Pours lustre on the lamp that lends you day !

Unto the prudent ant for councel run :
Behold and learn from the laborious bee,
To work from rising day to setting sun,
Wisely to work—against futurity :

Nor longer REASON's pow'rs, to WILL, resign ;
Nor with that hermit, SPLEEN, inglorious live ;
Be guided hence, by REASON's ray divine !
And burst those bonds, that prove thee meanest slave.

No longer of dull tedious time complain—
Man's time's a poor contraction of a span !
Seek properly, and joy thou may'st obtain,
Else cease to cry, joy is not made for man.

Let life—which threaten'd, is esteem'd so dear,
As for its ransom, empires thou wouldst pay—
No more be squander'd ; but, a pious care,
Fail not to shew of ev'ry priceless day !

Nay, as a gem be ev'ry moment caught !—
A gem? a world should seem less worth to thee !
By those improv'd, eternal joys are bought !
Misus'd, thy preface endless misery !

When the arch-angel doth his clarion sound,
 Whose potent voice to life shall wake the dead !
 Shall make astonish'd worlds and worlds rebound !
 How wilt thou then dare to exalt thy head ?

'Tis then thou'l wish time would once more return :
 Couldst thou give worlds of no avail they'd be !
 The slothful then uncomf'rted may mourn,
 Neglected *time* ! dreadful *eternity* !

Awake ! awake ! let INDUSTRY inspire
 Thy heavy soul ! — Strive to redeem lost time —
 Strive with a manly zeal, a holy fire,
 To sacred *virtue*'s pinnacle to climb !

HAIL INDUSTRY ! Thou bid'st the eye to dart
 The ray of health thou bid'st her roses bloom
 Upon the cheeks ! bid'st joy play in the heart,
 Which else lies bury'd in a living tomb

For such as slugishly dream life away,
 Sickness with pinching hand doth quickly seize,
 While those who follow thee are light and gay,
 Know the mind's strength, and e'en in toil know ease.

As spring's soft beams bid herb and fruit and flow'r,
 Which else were lost to man, all gay appear,
 So INDUSTRY by thy enliv'ning pow'r,
 The seeds of GENIUS shoot, and fruitage bear.

WHEN

*When Greece had sons who scorn'd inglorious ease,
Who nobly sought and won the palm of ART,
Who follow'd SCIENCE through her winding maze
Untir'd, 'till won they, all she could impart:*

*Who, nurs'd in hardships, would compel their way,
Their courage and their vigour unsubdu'd,
Alike, where fell direct the scorching ray,
Or endless winter almost froze the blood:*

*Her name resounded through each distant land !
Unto the pinnacle of fame she rose !
Her words, like laws, obedience did demand !
Her deeds the mightiest dared not oppose !*

*Then HOMER pen'd the soul-innobling lay,
As INSPIRATION taught, with glorious zeal !
Wherein shines utmost noon of mental day,
That WISDOM, ART, and GENIUS can reveal !*

*'Twas his to rule each movement of the soul !
To win, by manly strains, the manly heart !
Recover tot'ring VIRTUE ! and controul
Each mean desire ! each little selfish art !*

*AND then, with *honeyed-lip*, rose ELOQUENCE,
Whose motions, looks, with *language* were indu'd :
She spake.—*Persuasion* flow'd upon the sense,
Inriching as it flow'd, like some vast flood !*

Like some vast flood, o'ercoming prejudice,
Faction, and ev'ry vice that dar'd oppose! —
Upon her lips thus dwelt her country's bliss,
And worse than thunder for tyrannick foes!

Now — PHILOMEL as moves thy magick strain,
Inchanting as it wills, each pow'r of soul —
With modulated soothing, she'd obtain
O'er SENSIBILITY, the full controul!

Now cheat DESPONDENCE of the gloomy air!
And now inspire with life the drooping heart!
So, when through gloomy clouds the sun looks fair,
Nature appears reviv'd in ev'ry part.

NOR wanting then the lyre with softness strung,
Nor tube, of noble and inliv'ning sound;
When lovers wept, or poets heroes sung,
The instrument complain'd, or did resound.

'Twas LOVE — for so historick records tell —
First from the MUSE obtaind the laurel prize,
Won MUSICK, from her spheres, with man to dwell,
And PAINTING's gay creation, gave the eyes.

YOUNG CORINTHEA, gazing time away,
While her heart's-darling was in slumber lay'd
Beside a lamp, chanc'd to perceive, its ray,
Reflected on the wall, his beauteous shade;

Straightway,

Straightway, inraptur'd she the out-lines drew *
And, by degrees, his portrait did compose:—
From this, the earliest picture mankind knew,
By INDUSTRY improv'd the science rose;

Rose, 'till the pencil, to the painter's will
Obedient, gave unto the wond'ring eye,
Such views of grove, stream, valley, plain and hill,
As dar'd with NATURE's master-scenes to vie:

Or gave, united on the canvass, rise
To each sweet charm, that ever on the face
Of female dwelt; to captivate the eyes
With one, that shone in more than mortal grace:

Such as thy hand APELLES, did compose,
Not with ten thousand touches, but an *ease*
Only thine own; by which the *Venus* † rose
In all thy works, completely form'd to please!

AND

* Such is the story of CORINTHEA, who is said to have been a native of Sicyone a town of Peloponnesus; where, at Rhodes, and at Athens, the first schools for painting were established.

† So he emphatically called the irresistible grace, which was peculiar to his compositions.

MORNING.

AND then, the SCULPTOR, to the Parian stone,
Life, motion, senses, ev'ry passion gave!
Now gave the smile that beauty's queen might own,
That instantaneous would subdue the brave!

Now bade th' enamour'd youth to droop and pine,
Lost to himself in thought of hapless love:
Now shew'd the awful majesty divine
Of JOVE, as if commanding gods above!

But, when her sons funk in the lap of *ease*,
FREEDOM with indignation fled her shore!
Her laurels faded! ceas'd her glorious days!
And *Ignorance* reign'd where *Wisdom* reign'd before!

As GREECE arose, thou didst arise O ROME!
Majestically great in all thy parts!
Science, expell'd her darling seat, for home
Chose thee, and with her brought the kindred *arts*.

Then nature smil'd!—then, as by fairy aid
Created, *edens* spread ITALIA o'er!—
Then rov'd the tuneful *muse* in ev'ry shade,
Imparting rapture never known before!

But sweet O MARO! o'er the sweetest lay,
Thou heav'n-taught shepherd! ever flow'd thy strains,
Not such regard, when PHILOMEL doth play
Upon her matchless pipe, the minstrel gains!

Nature's best paintings must offend the sight,
The ear grow sick of chaste melody,
When thy creations fail t'inspire delight !
When ravish not the numbers sang by thee ?

As GREECE did fall, *subdu'd* by INDOLENCE
And her dire crew, so fell the ROMAN state,
What time the weeping Sciences fled thence !
And fled the ARTS, ere-while, that made it great !

These INDOLENCE the *ills* that spring from thee !
Those the pure joys, from thee that have their *rise*
Mother of virtues, active INDUSTRY !
Whom REASON, faithful judge, doth ever prize !

And, what's so priz'd is only worth esteem ;
All else is little, and unworthy man ;
All else degrades him, how'er fools may deem ;
All else—at best—is on *mad* FOLLY's plan !

HAIL REASON hail ! thee, all the wise admire,
Impartial counsellor ! unvarying friend !
Corrector of insatiable DESIRE,
Who loathes thy *angel-voice*, that bids him mend.

Thou see'st, with eagle-eye, the distant ill
And *warnest* : still thou shew'st the path to *praise* :
For those, who thy unbias'd laws fulfil,
FAME ever doth immortal trophies raise !

Thou,

Thou, like a *sun* plac'd in the *world* of man,
 Life's seasons giv'ft, to teem with what is gay
 And what is good : **P E A C E**, and pure *Pleasure* can
 Expand, but in the influence of thy *ray* !

T R U T H calls thee friend, and **S U P E R S T I T I O N**, foe ;
R E L I G I O N owns thee pillar of her *shrine* ;
 Right well pure **J U S T I C E** doth thy merits know,
 And all the **C H A R I T I E S** own they are thine !

Approv'd by thee, worlds upon worlds in vain
 Would bid me to pursue another plan !
 Censur'd by thee, I'd count their praises mean ;
 For thou'rt a portion of the **G O D** in man !

AND here, O suffer me, my morning song
 My gentle **A N N A** with thy name t'adorn !
 My choicest praise doth unto thee belong,
 To thee, with ev'ry sweetest beauty born !

Yet ! yet 'tis not those eyes that beam delight !
 Those cheeks, the rivals of awak'ning day !
 Those lips, whose sweets would **A G E** himself invite,
 And through his frame give youth's warm tides to
 play !

Nor all those *blended* charms, which, o'er thy face,
 Of **H A R M O N Y**, the happiest *efforts* shew ! —
 'Tis not to transient beauty's fairy grace,
 My chosen praises gladsome I bestow :

But,

But, to those happier charms that daily spring
 From giving ample scope to REASON's sway ;
 Those virtues which will genuine pleasure bring,
 When, like a dream, thy beauties pass away.

Let others only seek to please the sight,
 And peacock-like, vaunt on exterior shew ;
 Still may it be thy fond, thy first delight,
 To win that praise which WISDOM can bestow.

As morning's violets, by blazing day
 Rob'd of their vital dew, in sorrow pine,
 So, when in youthful charms no longer gay,
 Those, those will grieve and wish such charms as
 thine !

YE human violets ! O be your care
 To gain those beauties that still charm, still bloom
 Like the sweet mirtle ! which, e'en WINTER's air
 Cannot deprive of verdure and perfume !

Would ye *subdue*?—Know then, what beauty's force
 Hath pow'r t' atchieve, within the manly breast,
 Is but *half* conquest :—It must have recourse
 To VIRTUE, ere the triumph is possest :

She's the *ally* that never, never fails !
 That ne'er accepts the partial victory !
 Admir'd, e'en at the moment she prevails,
 Her vanquish'd bless their loss of liberty !

THUS, while I dwell upon the moral theme,
To their own cause, the careless fair to gain,
My foot-steps wander, till the purling stream
Recalls attention to the rural-reign.

Here in the grove the swains oft pour their woe,
As the poor stock-dove for his mate complains ;
But last and sweetest did young DIGGON's flow—
Attend it, ye who know what fondness means.

' In vain—he said—in vain ye blooming groves
' Ye look so fair ! hills, vales, your charms are vain !
' Unheeded, summer blooms, by him who *loves* !
' By him whose *love* is paid with cold disdain !'

' Since unattended now my bee-hives stand ;
' Since unregarded ply my fav'rite bees ;
' Since now, neglected wholly by my hand,
' My woodbines hide their blossoms from the
 'breeze :'

' Since now I ne'er throughout the orchat stray,
' To cull for MARIAN pippins streakt with gold;
' Nor heed my milky kine ; nor setting day,
' When I was wont, my witlings still to fold :'

' Since now my kids ascend the steepy rock,
' Which, whilom dar'd thy not, when priz'd by
 'me ;
' Since I neglect to graff the shapely stock,
' Or prune with care the too luxuriant tree :'

' Can

‘ Can all your beauties O ! ye blooming groves,
‘ Hills, vales, ah can ye hope to sooth my pain ?
‘ Unheeded, summer blooms, by him who *loves*,
‘ By him whose *love* is paid with cold disdain !’

‘ Ye little birds, ere-while that charm’d my soul,
‘ Can I behold, and envy not your fate ?
‘ Yours are the sweets of love without controul ;
‘ Nor cares, nor jealousies, attend your state.’

‘ But man is doom’d to love—and love brings pain ;
‘ Beauty he woos while beauty turns away :
‘ You ! you ne’er wake the unregarded strain !
‘ In song and love you waste the live-long day !’

‘ Ah may no giddy swain e’er make you fear,
‘ The cruel thraldom of retentive cage ;
‘ May he remember, love dispreads the snare ;
‘ From which in vain he’d strive to disengage !’

‘ Confinement’s harsh to you that wish to rove,
‘ And harsh is flower-less winter to the bee,
‘ Harsh to the blooms born in the shady grove,
‘ To want the shelter of the friendly tree :’

‘ Yet, not so harsh to you confinement proves,
‘ Nor to the bee, rude flower-less winter’s reign,
‘ Nor bleak winds to the blooms born in the groves,
‘ As to my soul is MARIAN’s cold disdain !’

- ‘ For she is fair !—ah would she was less fair !
 ‘ Ah ! would that beauty less adorn’d each part !—
 ‘ Oh silly shepherd’s wish !—what art, what care
 ‘ Could from her *other* charms insure my heart ?’
- ‘ Her other charms, whose worth, whose witching
 ‘ grace,
 ‘ Full well my heart knows, nought could heigh-
 ‘ ten more
 ‘ Save gentle *pity* !—*pity* for my case
 ‘ Fond *pity* for the youth that doth adore !’
- ‘ Waft ! waft ye gales to MARIAN my distress !
 ‘ Ye echos ! tell her, love was ne’er like mine !
 ‘ Ye pines that wear her name, my truth exprest !
 ‘ So may her heart to gentleness incline.’

Scarce had the shepherd sigh’d out MARIAN’s name,
 When sprang she from the thickest of the grove ;
 For here, to give her beauties to the stream
 She meant, nor hop’d to witness to his love.

Rapt like the blest, when suddenly they gain
 Those realms, where each immortal pleasure charms,
 He *gaz’d* away all sense of former pain,
 And snatcht the *beav’n* of beauty to his arms !

Delight, with modesty, did now conspire
 To spread her cheek, with more than beauty’s glow :
 ‘ Dear youth,’—she cry’d—‘ my all of my desire !
 ‘ What extacy thy truth, thy love to know !’

‘ O that

‘ O that thy MARIAN’s life could these requite !
‘ But love shall grow ’till love with life must cease !
‘ Not more in honey—flow’rs shall bees delight,
‘ Than I to lull thy ev’ry care to peace !’

‘ O silly I ! that felt my quiet stung
‘ Whene’er thy gifts to SUE I did remark :
‘ O silly I ! that e’er could doubt that tongue,
‘ Which spake more musick than the rising lark ?’

The swain reply’d—with such a cordial kiss
As would have paid her for whole years of pain !—
He gaz’d upon her—and renew’d his bliss !—
He gaz’d--and gaz’d!--and snatcht the bliss again !

Now to the meads the cheerful tribes resort,
To ope the green swath to the vig’rous day :
There mix they pleasing toil with heedless sport,
There laugh and jest the harmless heart away.

For when a fragrant health the herbage yeilds,
When MIRTH’s inlivening cordial cheers the heart,
The swallows are not busier in the fields,
Than Love, that *Proteus*, managing his part :

Or, with her fork while MARIANA plies,
To build, or ted the wind-row in the sun,
In her half-naked charms, young COLLIN’s eyes
He wins—and triumphs in a youth undone :

Or

Or while in STREPHON's comely form *he* tends
 To build the hay-cock with a decent art,
 Oft PHILLIS rests her rake ; the swain commends ;
 Forgets her employ—and—resigns her heart !

Now in the dimple sleek, or cheerful glow ;
 Now in the jest return'd with witty skill ;
 And now in ditty tun'd to shepherd's woe,
 The little *urchin* gratifies his will.

WHILE these in meadows use the sunny day,
 The shepherd and his train, in rapture seem,
 Forcing, with frequent shout that spreads dismay,
 His flock, to give their fleeces to the stream.

Fear not, ye blameless people ! soon again
 Peace will be yours, and all your sov'reign's care !
 He—as a tribute for his year of pain—
 Claims but that wealth, ye now may wish to spare.

And you that tend, impatient to employ
 The sounding sheers, ah gently treat the dam !
 Nor over wishful of the fleece, annoy
 With cruel wound, the little trembling lamb !

Thus, to the *sheerer* speak, thou blooming *queen*,
 Who dost, the wreath, meet prize of beauty wear !
 Such pity shall with due regard be seen,
 And to thy Egon make thee seem more fair !

But

But when, by cruel chance the sheers are found
To draw a crimson current from the veins,
Then pour the melted tar upon the wound,
And nurse, with fondness nurse the witlings pains !

Yet, BRITONS much the *woolly-barvest* prize !
'Tis wealth supremely worthy of your care !
'Tis heav'n's *best gift* ! profane it not ! be wise
Nor with the foes of PEACE and BRITAIN share !

Let other nations boast the fruitful mine, *no smthg*
Teeming with mimick-stars, or precious ores ;
Let other's boast their floods of oil and wine,
Gum-weeping groves, and fragrant spicy stores :

Let other's boast their still more wealthy feas,
Replete with life innum'rous, great and small ;
One simple word alone, unites all these,
The FLEECE is your compendium of them all !

WHILE soars the sun, let me ascend yon heighth,
Where yet the zephyrs sport their silken wings ;
Where wild-thyme sweetly blushes on the sight,
And all around its chearful odour flings.

Heav'ns ! what a scene opes on the ravish't eye,
Of hills and dales, of streams and woodlands gay ;
All in magnificent confusion lye,
And wanton nature's utmost skill display !

Mark

Mark, on that mount, how first the cascade spreads
Its crystal sheet, to catch the solar blaze ;
Then, where old rocks project their hoary heads,
Breaks, and a-down in many a current plays :

Beneath unite they in one copious flood ;
And thence compel the various winding stream,
Now hiding in the bosom of the wood ;
Reflecting now the many-twinkling beam :

Thus on it passes to the peaceful dale,
Bestowing fruitfulness, bestowing health,
And murmuring still the sweetly plaintive tale,
To sooth the swain that tends his fleecy wealth.

By tufts of weeping willows, o'er the stream
Sadly reclining, many a bow'r is made,
Where oft the love-sick youth in waking dream,
Narcissus-like, converses with a shade.

Here soars the hill, as shelter for the lawns
And all their lovely growth of sweet wild flow'rs ;
There shoots along a troop of wanton fawns,
To taste the coolness that the fountain pours.

E'en yon brown heath, . the roving eye surveys
Not wholly undelighted ; — 'tis a shade,
By paintress **NATURE** wisely us'd, to raise
Each gayer grace her pencil hath display'd :

Beyond

Beyond themselves, to make the woodlands gay ;
To give those fields, that court the reaper's hand,
A lovlier tinge of yellow to display ;
And more delightful make the flowery land.

The sightly villa gently rises here,
Where all POMONA's gifts the orchat bless ;—
The owner's emblem ; who, throughout the year,
Presents an ample AUTUMN to distress !

As shepherds tell, once did a damsel rove,
Pleasure her name,—indu'd with sprightliest taste—
To seek a residence she could approve,
With nature's ev'ry choicest beauty grac'd :

She lov'd the woodland ; and the gentle hill ;
The valley breathing sweetness ; and the plains
In verdure rich ; the dewy fount ; the rill ;
O'er which mild-smiling PEACE delighted reigns :

Only beneath the reign of gentle PEACE,
The fair-one could attempt to take abode ;
And chance, at length, unto her quiet place,
Gave the young wanderer the happy road :

PEACE lodg'd beneath yon roof ; young PLEASURE found
With her, the blue-ey'd maid, whom, as their wealth,
The guileless rural-folk esteem around,
Known by the name of, ever-blooming HEALTH :

At her approach, each look was eloquent
Of welcome, ere a tongue could tell her so ;
Less joy'd was she, in their benign intent,
Than they, each cordial kindness to bestow !

THOU GOD all MERCY ! teach me to receive
The stranger *thus* !—to man my heart distend !—
To want, with brother's love, me teach to give !
And bless thee still who gave me for this end !

Still let thy love that opens with the day,
Waken a-new this duty in my breast !
And then ! while NATURE laughs, O ! let my lay,
Learn her to praise thee whose smile makes her blest !

And thus, in glad, in choral symphony
May ev'ry heart unite ! each, as a lyre,
Awoke by willing GRATITUDE to thee,
That with MORN's sweets, the sweeter anthem
ever may aspire !

END of the First CANTO.

N O O N.

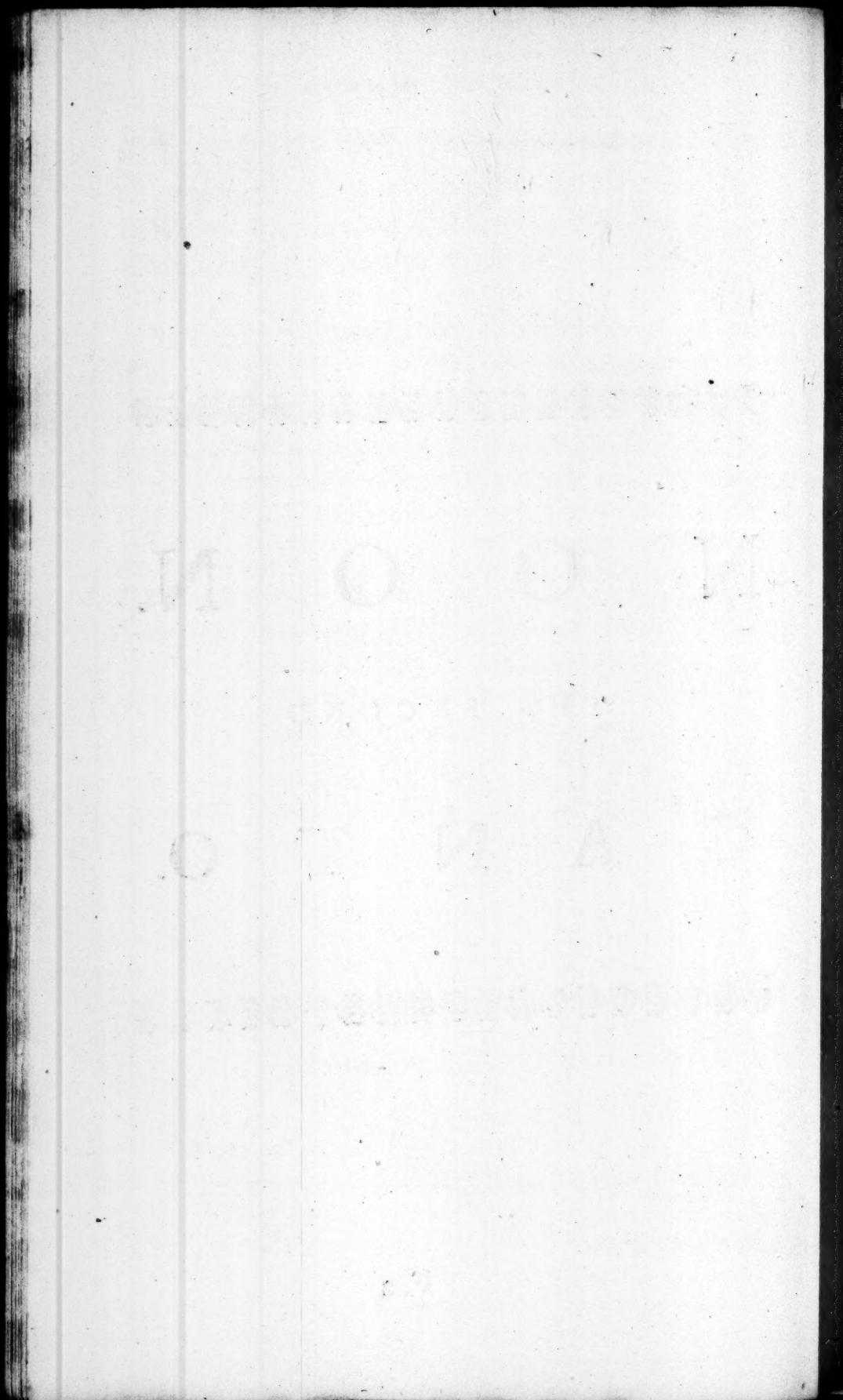


N O O N.

THE SECOND

C A N T O.





N O O N.

CANTO II.

STILLNESS and listless languor reign around :
The sky is now one universal blaze :
No longer on the ramble ECHO's found,
She rests, perchance, where yonder cascade plays.

The flow'rs, by morning cherish'd, droop their heads,
Of hue and fragrance spoil'd, by NOON's fierce beam :
The scorching herds forsake the arid meads,
And seek relief from COOLNESS, in the stream :

In vain they seek : far hence hath COOLNESS fled
To dewy grot ; or, on a bank of flow'rs,
That breathe delight in some impervious shade,
To muse, while reign the sultry noon-tide hours.

Now, woken to being by the vig'rous ray,
Ten thousand *insect-colonies* arise ;
This sports the wing, delighted with the day ;
That, on the stream, the oar and rudder tries :

This,

This, miner-like, into the earth pursues
 His weary way ; that loves the wood alone ;
 This, in the garden, culls the honey-dews,
 Where the whole art of chimistry's its own.

The offspring of *corruption* call not these ,
 Nor think they rise and live without a plan ;
 Their form is WISDOM's work!—TRUTH guides
 their *ways* !—
 GOD makes an *insect* as he makes a man !

WHENCE is't, that every gentle breath of air,
 Proves not a whirlwind of destructive force
 Unto the minim *gnat* ; who here and there
 Still with facility pursues his course.

His wings too weak were for the airy tide,
 O'er which his wants require him to prevail,
 That *ballance*, did not WISDOM's hand provide,
 Wherewith he safely *swings* upon the gale.*

Were

* Alluding to the practice of *equilibrist*s, which exactly resembles that of all bipennated insects. Those insects that are furnished with a greater number of wings do not need a *ballance*; but, in all the others, it extends beneath each wing, and either extremity is laden with a little ball, in the same manner as the rope-dancer's pole is tipped with lead, and for the same reason.

Were this not nicely ply'd by either wing,
 Lost equilibrium would effect his fall ;
 On this depends each joy his life doth bring,
 Its want were fatal absence of them all.

WOULD'ST thou inquire, by what strange art,
 the *fly*,
 Eludes the cunning of surrounding foes ?
 And how, since *fixt* and *motionless* his *eye*,
 All their advances instantly he knows ?

WISDOM fore-saw, this want of motion, might
 Expose the creature to a world of pain,
 Hence, form'd his eye large, prominent, and bright,
 And plac'd it, full intelligence to gain :

Nor is this all : — a microscope it is
 Of many parts ; and ev'ry part can see
 A various way ! — thus ARGUS' pow'rs are his !
 Thus WISDOM made him for security !*

Oft

* The cornea, or exterior covering of the eye of this insect is full of elegant lenticular perforations resembling lattice-work ; and each of those perforations is furnished with a branch of the optick nerve, and is, in itself an eye. I do not remember that microscopical properties have been attributed to the eyes of insects, which seems, pretty certainly the case, as well to direct them to their food, which is often invisible by us, as to enable them to elude the vigilance and craft of their foes.

OFT might the *bive* her ruin'd people wail,
 Had nature strung not with full strength, their
 thighs ;
 And given them weight ; and force of wing, to fail
 Through the resisting current of the skies :

Yet oft, when winds are fierce, their weight alone,
 Too light a freightage for their sails would be ;
 As ballast, then they grasp some little stone,
 And take their voyage in security !

WHO wove those nerves, so exquisitely nice,
 Whereby the bee can estimate each breath
 The garden blows ; or give each dew a price ;
 Or cull health's nectar from the mingled death ?

Who form'd his *sting*, that curious poison'd spear,
 Meet weapon of defence, when spiders lurk
 Or villain wasps, to riot in his care ?
 All this, you must reply, is WISDOM's work.

Is it not TRUTH informs the *butterfly* *
 That autumn is the season of her end ,
 And shews her, when, and where, to multiply ;
 And how, her heirs advantage, to attend ?

All

* That species with which we are best acquainted.

All this is known! — for then each leaf she tries
 Till one is found to suit her great intent,
 Where, o'er her race, she glues herself, and dies!
 Their safety thus, and her own monument!

As lifeless yet, remain they in the tomb:
 But soon the influence of the genial ray,
 Gives all the embryo-nation to assume
 The *reptile form*, † and venture into day:

Scarce have they life, when prudent cares begin,
 When, on futurity their thoughts are bent;
 The people all betake themselves to spin,
 And with their threads weave the commodious tent!

Winter o'ertakes not, ere their work is done,
 Nor fear they then inclemency of sky;
 In warm repose, the nipping frosts they shun,
 Nor wake — 'till each awakes a *butterfly*!

First peeps the head; the feelers stretch; and soon
 The limbs distend; the flut'ring wings unfold;
 Then forth they come the glory of the Noon,
 Be-dropt with sapphire, emerald, and gold!

By yonder brook, where am'rous woodbine twines
 Around its weded elm, the fond embrace,
 And flings a glit'ring shade,—the shepherd dines,
 With his companions, calm **CONTENT** and **PEACE**.

† That of the caterpillar.

Blest *be!* for QUIET rules his lowly state ;
 Still, PLEASURE pours her cordials on his life !
 CARE he resigns unto the rich and great,
 With its attendants—JEALOUSY and STRIFE !

With him SIMPLICITY for ever dwells ;
 SINCERITY hath markt him of her kind ;
 His open aspect, like an index, tells
 Whate'er is written on his honest mind :

Pure exercise an appetite bestows,
 That truly flav'rous makes his homely fare :
 If health be joy—the fullest joy he knows ;
 If wealth—he, he alone is FORTUNE's heir !

The sweetest joys, to him the morning brings,
 And nature for his noon, her bow'r doth raise ;
 For him, eve shakes ambrosia from her wings,
 And, on his pillow, night plants downy ease !

What though the skilful hand strike not the key,
 To pour the swelling organ on his ear ;
 Mellow-voic'd blackbirds tune the copious lay,
 To which deep-throated rooks caw bases clear :

He needs no violin while the shrill lark plays ;
 Nor gently breathing flutes to charm his sense,
 When linnets pour their modulated lays,
 In concert with the finch's eloquence :

For him no canvas from the pencil glows
With rural scenes where FANCY's fairies play ;
But nature all her living landscapes shews,
Great beyond rule ! above all order gay !

To him the meads their level bosoms spread,
O'er-lay'd with verdure of the liveliest dye,
And blooms, by FLORA's ample bounty shed,
Rivals for grace, each lovely in the eye !

The woods, wherewith the soaring hills are crown'd,
Complexion'd gay, in various leaf array'd,
Spread chearfully their blended beauties round,
T' invite him to partake the grateful shade :

Now views he plains alive with sturdy droves,
And milky kine, and num'rous nib'ling flocks ;
Anon, his eye along the mountain roves,
Where browse the wild goats hanging on the rocks :

Now to his sight some other picture talks—
The vivid lawns by which some streamlet pours ;
Or, crown'd with fragrancy, the winding walks
That lead to MEDITATION's gloomy bow'rs :

When with decline of day his cares have end,
Along the cloysters of the silent bow'r,
The fountain's murmurings he doth attend,
That seem addressed to some silvan pow'r ;

Or pierces he the lonely wood-way road,
 To where the queen of all the tuneful throng,
 Dear *Philomela!* holds her lov'd abode,
 To loose him in th' enchanting maze of song !

Or, in the covert of the peaceful grove,
 With rosy lass, the darling of his heart
 He walks, and pours his blameless soul in love,
 While ev'ry look is *rhet'rick* shaming art !

What joy on joy then palpitates her heart !
 How shoots the bloom of virtue o'er her cheek !
 How would she say, what words could ne'er im-
 part ;
 So angels would fail if of *beav'n* they'd speak !

To accord, thus attuned is each mind ;
 Thus heart pays heart ; thus love for love's exprest ;
 O sweet exchange ! O mental feast ! refin'd
 To emulate the banquet of the blest !

How poorly must ambitious life appear,
 The state it seeks, the store it doth approve,
 When, clasping her, his heart owns all that's dear,
 The *wealth* of beauty ; and the *world* of love !

Smoothly glides on his time, although, each day
 Variety of cares he still doth find ;
 Not such—ye vain !—as on enjoyment prey,
 But those that chear while they employ the mind ;

To

To form, with nicest art, of lovliest flow'rs,
A chaplet to bedeck his mistress' hair ;
Or sweetly tutor the delicious bow'rs,
Where she is wont, at evening to repair :

To foster tenderly some fav'rite lamb ;
To crop, with careful hand, the fleece of snow ;
Gently to ease the milk-distended dam,
Or the best pasture to his flock to shew,

Behold him now on yonder mossy seat ;—
What monarch sits so easy on his throne !—
The canopy that shades him from noon's heat,
Rivals the richest e'er spread o'er a crown !

A groupe his guiltless subjects form around
In fair confusion !—some, with pleading eye,
Demand refreshing coolness ; on the ground
Some innocently ruminating lye.

Now, while of moisture drain'd by thirsty day,
The fragrant offspring of the earth deplore,
The skilful sage pursues his weary way,
To cull, for future health, the priceless store.

Poor is his wit, who deems the *flow'r* but blows
And *herb*, for shew, or fragrance to impart ,
Within their little veins the essence flows
Of medicine, and happiness of heart !

Oft

Oft may thy careful hand **FRUGALITY**,
 Or from the garden, dale, or wild-wood, bring
 While **SUMMER** glows, the living herb to me,
 And oft my cups replenish from the spring!

Such form the feast of **HEALTH**! such, ere misdeeds

Foul'd human-nature, *stretcht* out jocund *life* ;
 What time secure the steer enjoy'd his meads,
 Nor groan'd the lamb beneath th' afflictive knife :

Then vigour *strung* each *limb* ! then *man was man*,
 Active of body, heal and strong of mind!
 But we poor moderns, starv'd on Lux'ry's plan,
 Are hardly more than *shadows* of their kind!

Then was unknown fierce **FEVER**'s fiery name ;
 Or racking **GOUT**, son of **INTEMPERANCE**,
 That darts his bearded arrows through the frame ;
 Or **PALSY**, ever in the painful dance :

Then days stole days, then years stole years away,
 E'en weight of centuries was scarcely known ;
 And, when man's term grew full, a-down he lay,
 To dye, as pass'd his life—without a groan !

WERE we but wise, how little should we roam
 For foreign vintages ; less excellent
 Than may be ta'en from fruits and flow'rs at home,
 To suit health, appetite, and merriment.

Now

Now mow the cowslip, or the vi'let gay,
From which the housewife shall, with comely art,
Draw icy bev'rage ; meet for summer-day ;
Grateful to taste ; and gen'rous to the heart.

Or, if thy fancy leads, take jessamin ;
Ox-lips ; or comfry ; or the scabeous sweet ;
From these, such pleasing flavour freely win,
As skilful palate shall confess a *treat*.

Wouldst fortify, when winter is severe,
With cordial draught of brown or amber stain ?
Lo ! where indulgent heav'n pays peasant care,
With shadowy harversts of the *barley* grain ;

Lo ! where the *hops*, in tutor'd ranks array'd,
Along their poles like lazy reptiles toil ;
A foster growth, first, when th' eight HENRY
sway'd,
From FLANDRIA borne, and nurst in British soil.

Why bends each bow, why doth yon orchat groan,
Drain'd by innum'rous fucking progeny,
If, idly, thou to alien mixtures prone,
Scorn'st BRITISH NECTAR in its purity ?

Me, may the autumn give, to quaff the stream
Of golden-pippin ; or the red-streak, gay
In live vermillion ! that my rural theme
May catch a rapture, and my numbers play !

Me,

Me, now may bleeding mulberry regale !
 And oft, where corinths feed, may I recline !
 Or, from the gooseberry-thorn, a vintage steal,
 And fill my cups with healthful *summer-wine* !

O LET me haste to yonder green retreat,
 That kindly shuts out the intemp'rate ray,
 There, sweetly shelter'd from the scorching heat,
 I'll loose in solemn gloom myself and day.

Unto my soul most welcome, O ye groves,
 Ye shady coverts and ye thickets ! hail
 Calm scenes ! where oft the rural poet roves,
 And soothly sings his love-inspired tale.

Not to the lark is rising morn so sweet,
 Nor flow'r's mellifluous to the ranging bee,
 Nor the maid's smiles when they her shepherd's meet,
 As is your verdant shelter unto me !

How oft ye fragrant spots, ye winding ways,
 Ye goodly bowers, and ye blooming groves,
 How oft to you DEVOTION wakes those lays
 Which saints rejoice in, and their GOD approves !

Here—free from each impertinence of man—
 Unto her sov'reign's voice, the sweet-ey'd maid
 In peace may listen ; or, his gracious plan
 Peruse serenely in the blooming shade.

How

How many patriots, at decline of life,
 Whose ev'ry pow'r their country did employ,
 Who with her foes maintain'd the glorious strife,
 Have sought O SOLITUDE ! thy tranquil joy ?

E'en kings have thrown the purple robe aside,
 When they, no longer, VIRTUE could maintain
 As she deserv'd ; and, with a god-like pride,
 Have woo'd her SOLITUDE in thy blest reign !

Within thy calm retreats, if truth's in fame,
 Immortal forms have oft convers'd with man,
 Inspir'd him with a love of VIRTUE's name,
 And taught him greatly to pursue her plan.

THOU LIGHT DIVINE ! sole source of *mental day* !
 Without whose aid all is *eclips'd* within !
 O ! pour upon my soul the wholesome *ray*,
 That I may grope not in the *glooms* of sin !

That I may *shun* the passions lawless strife,
 And ever *see* and practise VIRTUE's plan,
 From whom flows ev'ry cordial of this life,
 And all the real majesty of man !

Where VICE abides, thence halcyon QUIET roves,
 Roves far, alas ! there to return no more ;
 Like a *task-master* injur'd conscience proves,
 Man is a *galley-slave* and life an *oar* !

But *thine* O VIRTUE still is blissful ease !
 That priceless token of ETERNAL LOVE !
 Wherewith the desert can as Eden please !
 And this anticipate the life above !

For *thee* doth spring sublimer sweets exhale !
 For *thee* new beauties deck the summer-mead !
 And ev'ry season hath some blest regale,
 To *thee*, and to *thy* vot'ries, but convey'd !

Where *thou* dwell'st that is HAPPINESS's home !
 But in *thy* train pure FRIENDSHIP we descry !
 With *thee* the social joys for ever come,
 AFFECTION, FRANKNESS and SINCERITY !

Thy daughter PEACE with *thee* is ever found,
 In whose fair form her native heav'n we see !
 And still the virgin tends *thy* ev'ry round,
 With dimpled cheek, yclept EUPHROSYNE !

Heav'n as *thy* hand-maid POESY did send,
 To deck, and win *thy* beauties more applause :
 If e'er my verse discards this glorious end,
 Neglecting heav'n when it neglects *thy* cause :

If e'er, through jealousy, I seek to bring
 Pain upon others by satirick lays ;
 If e'er the wanton's charms I vainly sing,
 Or gratify ambition with my praise :

If,

If, on the cheek of bashful innocence,
 With verse licentious, the quick-shooting glow
 I call ; if I, to ermin'd-vice, dispense
 That praise, which unto humble worth I owe,

May one eternal blot those lays efface,
 Produc'd on PROSTITUTION's sordid plan !
 Or, let them live, mementos of disgrace
 To him who could in *self* so *ruin* man !

May those forsake me whom my heart holds dear !
 May nature feel each pang of this worst ill !
 May not one honest drop bedew my bier !
 And but to scorn, may thought recall me still !

How suit such sober thoughts this ancient shade
 Of noble *oaks*, that *soar* unto the skies,
 And seem to say — like us were mankind made,
 O'er vulgar nature greatly to arise.

Alas ! most sadly found these broken strains
 Of murmuring melancholy, through the grove ;
 Now they are husht : and now again complains
 The lonely *bird*, for his ill-fated love.

Ye little ramblers, ah ! distend your throats,
 Nor thus in silence sit upon the spray ;
 Clear your sad neighbour with melodious notes,
 O cheat with magic song his grief away :

Still are ye silent, nor will grant the boon,
For all your thoughts are bent on dewy *eve* ;
Smit by the sultriness of potent Noon,
All unconsol'd ye let the *turtle* grieve.

BUT, comfort comes ! the active breezes sound,
As waft they from the south rich *clouds* along :
For *their* blest freight the country calls around,
And, with fixt eye, implore the rural throng.

Deep and more deep become the gath'ring clouds ;
All slowly now their weight of water fails :
A greyish gloom the form of heav'n inshrouds,
Save, here and there, an azure gleam prevails :

But, 'tis not such gloom as deforms the sky
Of winter, and portends the *vengeful* flood,
But grateful unto FANCY's piercing eye,
As future *beauty*, and as future *good* !

Husht is the zephyr's voice. The groves around,
In expectation of the plenteous joy
Of health-recruiting balm, yeild not a sound
That e'en the ear of midnight could annoy.

'Tis now for ev'ry thought of man, t' adore
That Pow'r, whose operating will provides,
Still, for those heav'nly cisterns, ample store,
Or from the humid earth, or briny tides.

IN fluid globes, too subtle to be seen,
What yet as clouds shall shade the noon-tide ray,
And deck, with gayest forms, the blue serene,
Upon *attraction's* wings hence take their way;

Until they gain a region of the air,
Of force sufficient to suspend their weight;
Then, like fond friends, they form an union there,
When mother-nature wills their change of state;

A change from thin to thick, to dark from bright,
By condensation from th' aerial cold;
Thus fitted to reflect the solar light,
And all light's painted sportings to unfold;

Upon the wings of wind they rove at large,
As heav'n decrees, in soft dew to distill;
Or, in the rainy current to discharge,
To run, in future, with the limpid rill;

To feed the fountains; from the wells to spring;
In silver-sheets, adown the mountain land
Sweetly t' unfold; or, in cool streams to bring
Joy, to the scorching desert's thirsty sand.

Thus variously distributed by heav'n,
This health of nature is enjoy'd by all;
E'en for the prowling lion's good 'tis given,
Who lives a stranger to the master's stall:

It pierces ev'ry plant ; blooms on each flow'r ;
 Flows through such tubes, as, not the nicest eye,
 Nor yet imagination has the pow'r
 To trace, in all the mazes as they lye.

He who ordain'd all this, can, doubtless, call
 From dire distresses what may comforts prove ;
 So influence worst woes, that on them all
 Shall ripen richest fruits of his blest love !

How art *thou* favour'd by thy GOD O man !
 Wonders for *thee*, he day on day displays !
 For *thee* he works in nature's glorious plan !
They welfare shines in his most wond'rous ways !

Look o'er this scene, and tell, what secret spot,
 What plant, or e'en what creature canst thou find,
 To prove *thy* interests have been forgot,
 Or that *thou* e'er art from his holy mind !

Thou seest that e'en the *vapours* of the earth,
 By the amazing influence of his love,
 Instead of bringing PESTILENCE to birth,
 The happy *source* of priceless blessings prove !

Lo ! how the thick'ning mist surrounds yon hill,
 And gradual, thence o'er half the scene extends :
 The scatter'd drops of fatness, now distill,
 Ere in the gen'ral show'r kind *beav'n* descends.

Amply

Amply around the cooling cordial pours,
Nor longer craving seems or hill or plain !
The earth, pregn'd with herbs and fruits and
flow'rs,
Rejoices in fertility again !

Now, through yon bright'ning sky, the cheerful sun
Surveys a thankful world with looks of love !
The parting clouds his splendid presence shun,
And the mild azure arch expands above.

'Tis life around ! 'tis as a festal day !
'Tis as if *nature's* self became a *bride*
Looking delight ! in youth, in beauty gay !
And spreading genuine pleasure far and wide !

The happy herds now bless the tender blade ;
His care the youth pours o'er the whitening plain ;
The joyous birds now flit them from the shade,
And all the country echos to their strain.

As when that priceless good, returning health,
Doth o'er the virgin's cheek in blushes play,
Each charm restoring lost by sickness' stealth,
So this soft show'r hath made creation gay !

Yon garden let me rove, that wooes the eye
With paintur gay, with colour's matchless wealth !
There, while exhales its incense to the sky,
My soul may feast in flav'rous gales of health !

THIS

THIS is the theatre of NATURE! here
 Her lovlies operations she displays ;
 And ART, meet hand-maid, still, with pious care,
 Adjusts each scene, and aids her graceful ways.

Oft, with the fullness of solemnity,
 In yonder oaken-grove the goddes charms ;
 But here, with *chearfulness* still varying, she
 The eye enamours, and rapt fancy warms !

Oft, by the winding stream, with joy I stray ;
 Oft, in the covert of the peaceful grove
 Shut me delighted, from the eye of day ;
 But here, through *Paradice regain'd*, I rove !

Each bloom is by its chearful neighbour grac'd,
 Yet language fails to tell how each is fair !
 Perfume with perfume vies ! delicious feast !
 Which shames, that, ARABY, thou canst prepare !

The regal purple, nobly, these unfold ;
 In crimson those ; and these appear in white ;
 Those glitter in a dress of burnisht gold ;
 These glow like bashful maid on bridal night !

Those, all the garnets bleeding beauty, shew ;
 An azure these have borrow'd from the sky ;
 And to th' aerial arch those seem to owe,
 Hue after hue that in each other dye.

What

What harmony the temper'd teints display!
 What wond'rous skill o'er vulgar TITIAN arts!
 Each aids the other; and th' impalement, gay
 In living green, to all new charms imparts!

Whether they shew the careless grace of ease,
 Or by strict rules are in succession plac'd,
 Or in each other lost,—alike they please!
 Alike express consummate force of taste!

WHEN thought reads o'er their thousand thousand kinds

Of sweets-ambrosial, of heav'n-painted rays,
 Of form,—where still his art PROPORTION finds—
 OMNIPOTENCE must strike us with amaze!

PERFECTION's hand, hath, to each distinct race,
 Bestow'd a fashion worn by that alone!
 Nay, ev'ry flow'r owns some peculiar grace,
 Which none among his tribe dare call their own!

The sov'reign LILLY here exalts her head,
 Plain, yet most elegant in purest white:
 There the RANUNCULUS springs from his bed,
 In radiant suit, to captivate the sight:

Loaded with aromatick stores, the PINK
 Here opes her dappled beauties to the view:
 And there, while sipping o'er the fountain's brink,
 Smiles sweetly, IRIS, in her robe of blue:

Here, through her wanton foliage, the Rose,
 Sister of morn, doth gayest health express
 As, to her parent SUN, rejoic'd she shews
 The liquid gems that stud her silky dress.

From this variety it is, the *eye*
 Though e'er so long employ'd, knows not to cloy ;
 From bloom to bloom, as the *bee-people* ply,
 She strays, still banquetted in novel joy.

A TRUE delight that noble work creates,
 As the result of deepest thought and skill,
 Whose complex fabrick *simply* operates,
 And great effects yields from *one* principle.

Such is the flow'ring world.—The *liquid* store
 Of earth, drank in by ever-thirsty roots
 And of the air, through many a gaping pore,
 Bursts out in blooming fragrance, golden fruits !

This single simple cause, gives happy birth,
 To all the various beauties of the year !
 With vivid verdure *this* arrays the earth,
 And flaming doth upon the rose appear !

Through ducts invisible *this* circulates,
 And the minutest branch and leaf pervades !
 The cedar's strength-herculean *this* creates !
 Nor less the humblest mossy plant *it* aids !

This

This through the veins of bleeding mulbery flows!
This is the nectar of the glossy plumb!
The luscious peach, to *this*, its flavour owes!
And ARABY sheds *this* in tears of gum!

STILL more and more to humankind t' indear,
CREATION's darling work, the flow'ry race
Not all at once promiscuously appear,
But, in rotation, each assumes his place.

While these reign in the height of youthful prime,
Others, that earlier serv'd, their exit make,
Fresh beauties to collect against the time
When their respective station they shall take.

The SNOW-DROP first, like infant innocence,
Fair as her seafon's snow,* displays her head;
Eager she seems her treasures to dispence,
To him, whose goodness rais'd her from her bed.

By her encourag'd, forth the CROCUS peeps
From his close mansion in the frozen soil;
With much timidity abroad he creeps,
Lest his gay habit FEBRUARY spoil.

Nor longer the sweet POLYANTHOS lies,
Than MARCH, though Boreas' ruffian forces howl;
To win their mercy, she, unnumber'd dies
Explains, and bribes them with her fragrant soul:

But soon, soon doth her rich complexion fade ;
 Too soon her balmy treasures flee away ;
 Soon pines she, like the young the tender maid,
 From whose sweet cheek grief wipes the roses gay. *

Her company scarce hath the garden lost,
 Scarce hath the watchful florist time to grieve,
 When from her cabinet comes APRIL's boast,
 Who, more than amply doth the loss retrieve !

Ye, whose attention beauty can command ;
 Ye, that are studious of the charms of sense ;
 Now, now employ the careful saving hand,
 Which beauty claims with all her eloquence :

Fail not to give th' AURICULA, a shade,
 Secure from chilly rains the season pours,
 And let her view the east—you'll be repaid
 With nameless graces, fragrancy in show'rs !

For,

* It is very observable, that those flowers, which make their appearance in the tempestuous months, are of the smallest species and most pliant nature. Were their growth larger, or their stems more stubborn, the winds of winter would immediately destroy them : whereas, those they escape unprejudiced, by lurking near the earth, and yielding to every blast that assaults them.—A striking instance of GOD's unerring WISDOM, and the universality of his CARE.

For, too much fun will o'er her strength prevail,
 And soon her exquisite complexion harm ;
 And each show'r wipes away the glitt'ring meal
 That decks her eye, the centre of each charm.

How could we brook her absence did not **MAY**,
 With lavish hand, from her rich lap, bestow,
 The **TULIP**-race, beyond description gay !
 Whereon the hues of heav'n in order glow !

She bids th' **ANEMONY** exalt his head,
 And curls his tresses with the happiest care,
 By *her* his various tufts are sweetly spread,
 Gay as the morn when *she* doth first appear !

With **JUNE** the bold **RANUNCULUS** expands
 His matchless painture to the ravisht eye !
 He knows, the florist's tendance to command,
 With native grace ! peculiar dignity !

And *she* can boast of *her* **NARCISSUS** race,
 Some in a neat undress of spotless white ;
 Some fully rob'd ; some, with peculiar grace,
 Attir'd in vesture of a yellow bright :

Nor **HYACINTHS**, glowing through veil of white,
 Wants *she* ; nor **JONQUILS** of most flav'rous smell ;
 Nor **ROSES**, blushing as they meet the sight ;
 Nor **PINKS**, more num'rous than the muse can tell !

What

N O O N.

What time this varied tribe begin to pine,
 In blest profusion peep from opening cells
CARNATIONS, whereon all their charms combine,
 Wherein combin'd their ev'ry sweetness dwells!

So, on my **ANNA**'s form, so on her face,
 Dwells nature's wealth, all fancy can desire!
 So, in her mind concentres ev'ry grace,
 That men adore and angels muft admire!

Caught with fresh gales of fragrancy, I seek
 The blooming son of wealthy **JULY** here:
 Blest flow'r! but half thy praises do I speak,
 To call thee beauteous and to call thee dear!

For short, ah! short the date of other blooms;
 Their little lives soon perish in decay;
 But thou inrichest winter with perfumes,
 And with thy paintings mak'st his season gay!

And thus thou pictur'st well the faithful friend,
 Who, in th' unpleasing seasons life doth know,
 Rejoices most, when wanted most, to tend,
 With looks of love, love's sweet fruits to bestow:

Such friend as is my **LEWIS**! gen'rous; kind;
 Blest with an heart that never wore disguise;
 Blest with the truth the constancy of mind;
 With all the honest and the manly prize!

Deem

Deem not ye envious, that the muse's song,
Is stain'd with flat'ry for ignoble ends ;
Her choicest praise to VIRTUE doth belong,
She praises VIRTUE in the best of FRIENDS !

Thou GOD ! who know'st the feelings of my heart,
O ! deign to bend thine ear unto my pray'r !
Ne'er let my friend from VIRTUE's path depart !
O never let him from thy tender care !

Let his life know the flav'rous sweets of HEALTH !
And while he lives, in PEACE still let him live !
Give him the total sum of human wealth ;
A COMPETENCE ! — 'tis all he can receive.

And, when it is thy blessed will, that I
Shuld quit this life, for life without an end,
O ! let him not, in tenderness, deny
The last poor duties to an honest friend !

Close let him follow by the sable bier,
And see my earth where 'tis with earth to rest,
And let him wet it with *one* manly tear,
And see the sod laid gently o'er my breast !

I look not for the flat'ring voice of fame ;
But may my memory his praises prove !
O ! may he write in fondness for my name,
Here lies what lov'd me and what I did love.

FRIENDSHIP thou won me from these smiling
flow'rs,

But won me to thyself ! thyself more sweet !
More lovely far ! of more delicious pow'rs !
Ambrosial banquet ! never-failing treat !

A little time will rob you of your bloom,
Ye painted people, now in height of pride ;
A little time will steal your rich perfume ;
But FRIENDSHIP's sweets, the test of time abide !

Nay, still with time she wears a fairer face ;
With each new day she gains some newer charms ;
Age, like the *sun* to you, improves her grace ;
Age is her *spring*, 'tis then the heart she warms :

By her we best can judge of heav'nly joys ;
Her joys are such as ever feast the blest :
By you, gay populace, whom a breath destroys,
The date of earthly bliss is well exprest !

Sweet *moralists* ! for well ye preach to man !
Though silent, most emphatical ye preach !
O ! may I live upon that prudent plan,
Which unto me your short-liv'd glories teach !

Come hither fair-ones ; hither come, and know,
The fate that on created beauty tends :
Beauty may bud, may blossom, and may blow ;
But ah ! how soon its ripen'd lustre ends !

Yon lilly see :—how proud she lifts her head !
 What dignity is in her form exprest !
 The glory now that is around her spread,
 Eclipses his who lords it o'er the east !

But soon that aspect must resign what's great ;
 That robe unsullied will be sullied soon ;
 Those charms uncommon must meet common fate ;
 Her *night* is near, since she is in her *noon*.

Ah ! what avails the tulip's glowing dies,
 Arrang'd with all the elegance of art ?
 Like fabled Iris bending o'er the skies,
 They charm a moment, and as soon depart !

Fair was CLARISSA ! as the tulip gay !
 By mortal tongue her beauties can't be told !
 But she alas let time unus'd away,
 'Till she was summon'd to her native mold !

What then avail'd the symmetry of face ;
 The damaskt-cheek ; the sweetly swelling breast ;
 The hands, the arms turn'd with peculiar grace ;
 The shape which HARMONY her work confess !

Within these happy charms reside, which give
 True joy ! which hold beyond the grave, their
 reign !
 For those ye fair ! those only wish to live !
 Who LIVES for BEAUTY, LIVES and DIES in VAIN !

Come, hither come ye students of attire,
 And all the value of your study, see :—
 Rifle the ward-robe :—get what you desire :—
 The meaneſt flow'r ſhall shame your vanity !

Is it for men, who, GOD's own features wear,
 To rival butterflys? Did heav'n bestow
 Exalting reason, to make dress your care ?
 Can the innobled soul descend ſo low ?

Ye heirs of heav'n, ſuch childiſh gew-gaws ſcorn !
 Nor by exteriors, honour hope to gain !
 Immortals wear ſince you're immortal born !
 By thoſe a deathleſs glory you'll obtain !

Wear comeliness of temper : wear a mind
 Humble yet great :—humble in copying heav'n ;
 Great above vice ;—in all that's good and kind,
 Dress for thoſe thrones of, bliſs to VIRTUE giv'n.

Come, hither come ye wallowers in gold,
 Whoe ev'ry thought doth meanly *squint* on ſelf ;
 The blaſted buds that can't their flow'rs unfold,
 Shall tell the value of your moulding pelf :

Of theſe, what is the value, ſince, the eye,
 May wish and wish in vain to ſee them bloom ?
 What is their value, ſince they ſtill deny
 Unto the craving ſmell to yield perfume ?

And,

And, hither come ye generously kind,
 Who deal abroad the bounties heav'n bestows ;
 Whose deeds are not to parties, sects, confin'd,
 Come view yourselves in each sweet flow'r that blows !

As the sweet flow'r thrives in the florist's care,
 So (as of old sang the inspired muse,)
 In dews of heav'nly love you'll flourish fair !
 Your offspring ne'er fond tutelage shall loose !

Come, hither come ye murmurers, and know
 Heav'n gives to you, to all, a proper lot ;
 The hand of heav'n can nought but good bestow ;
 Nor are the meanest of the mean forgot.

No feeling for her young the raven knows ;
 Her helpless charge, when seen, she doth forsake :
 Who hears their cry ? what hand, their food bestows ?
 Whose nurture doth those desolate partake ?

Can he who aids those young-ones when they cry,
 Unto *his* bosom-children, when they pray,
 The precious bounties of *his* hand deny ?
 Is GOD not good ?—or are ye less than they ?

E'en, to the shagged natives of the den,
 At least a full sufficiency is giv'n :
 Ye murmurers answer me, O ! answer then,
 Is humankind *less* in the eye of heav'n ?

Consider these gay lillies how they grow,
 Know they to labour? do they know to spin?
 What hand-unsparring is it doth bestow,
 These out-side charms, those sweets that lurk within?

If thus the birds, the desart-beasts, *he* feeds
 Ye void of faith! cares *he* less for you, say?
 If o'er the lillies such gay robes *he* spreads,
 Can *he* forget you?—are ye less than they?

And hither come ye faithful, and behold
 Emblems of that true beauty ye shall wear;
 Beauty celestial! never to be old!
 Through all eternity to bloom most fair!

While ye peruse this tribe so sweet and gay,
 Reflect from what uncomely roots they rise:
 Thus from your mean grofs garniture of clay,
 In PHENIX-BEAUTY ye shall foar the skies!

At the GREAT CALL what once was *old* and *weak*,
 In more than YOUTHFUL VIGOUR shall appear!
Corruption, *INCORRUPTION* then shall take!
Deformity shall BEAUTY's features wear!

And, for myself, O may my ev'ry view,
 Of this sweet garden, teach desire to rise,
 Ardent to rise, as by a sacred clue,
 To that blest EDEN blooming o'er the skies!

Counsel

Counsel to me, ye miracles impart,
Whene'er your various beauties catch my sight,
To pay him homage of an humble heart,
Who fitted you to render me delight!

But most let me adore him, for a soul
Immortal, rational.—A soul that gives
To man, his dignity! gives that controul
He holds o'er all, that in this system lives!

To this he owes the pow'r of being blest
With knowing GOD, when fail this globe, these
skies;
When yonder sun, now hast'ning in the west,
Shall his resplendence loose! shall set, no more to rise!

END of the second CANTO.

E V E N I N G.

County of me by subscription
Appointed and sworn before me this day
of March in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and
fifty three.

I have this day made and sworn to the best of my
knowledge and belief before the Notary Public named
herein setting by me this thirtieth day of March
in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and

forty five and I do hereby declare that the same
is true and is so set down by me in the presence of the Notary Public
and he has signed and affixed his seal to the same this day of March
in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty five.



E V E N I N G.

T H E T H I R D

C A N T O.



ВЕНЕЦИЯ

САПИЕНЦИ

ОГЛАД

E V E N I N G.

C A N T O III.

HERE, whilst I rove amongst these order'd rows
Of oaks, and firs in deathless verdure gay,
I may partake the fragrance Eve bestows,
And all the beauties of *declining day*.

NATURE, as wishful hither to invite
The meditant, bestrews the sod with flow'rs,
Around, bids climbing *woodbines* court the sight,
And shed delightful health in lib'ral show'rs.

The natives of the place, her feather'd quire,
As *grateful* for the blessings of the day,
Together now, with ardency conspire
To pour harmoniously the choral lay,

O GRATITUDE! still let me cherish thee,
Thou loveliest flow'r e'er cultured by man!
That *incense* breath'd when EDEN yet was free,
And still shall bloom when TIME his race hath ran!

WHETHER *Aurora's* paintur decks the sky ;
 Or *noon*, his current pours, of golden light ;
 Or *evening's* sober beauties court the eye ;
 Or fades the landscape in the reign of *night* :

Whether we rove the gardens drest by *spring* ;
 Or yellow *summer's* richest goods obtain ;
 Or those ripe *autumn* doth so freely bring ;
 Or hear old *winter* peevishly complain :

By each alike this happy truth's exprest —
Heav'n still hath *fond concern* for *human good* : —
 O can such doctrine not inspire the breast,
 With all the sacred warmth of **GRATITUDE** ?

The milder glories of the infant day,
Prepare us for noon's flood of blazing light ;
 Noon, gradual *fades* to eve ; and evening's ray
Declining still, doth steal the *frown* from night.

Were night's sad gloom succeeded by the blaze
 Of potent noon, his sway were grievous pain :
 Morn bids noon *welcome* : eve's still less'ning rays,
Diveſt of horror night's else *dreadful* reign.

Spring *fits* all nature by her growing ray,
 For potent heats the summer's reign doth bring ;
 Summer to autumn *fades* ; this *dies away*
 To winter ; winter *rises* into spring !

Thus,

Thus, whate'er countenance the seasons shew,
Proclaims the *ruler wise*, proclaims him *good*!
And—as doth all we see and all we know—
Demands a tribute of best **GRATITUDE**.

From **GRATITUDE**, as from a fertile root,
All that is gracious, all that's lovely, springs!
Where it takes not, the soil, instead of fruit,
Of vicious weeds a deadly harvest brings!

When its pure sentiments, the breast inspire,
Self doth of self a just opinion know;
Humility's the dress we then admire,
The dress of soul, becoming all below!

Each narrow thought, it teacheth to forsake;
Each bliss of gen'rous feeling doth impart;
Makes man, of mankind's happiness partake,
And with beneficence expands the heart!

'Tis the first fairest feature of the mind,
Whereon e'en angels gaze with growing love!
The faithful mirror 'tis, wherein to find
How men may emulate the blest above!

R E A S O N's thy crown, O man!—Thus **T R U T H** must
own——
And **R E A S O N**'s glorious crown is thy **F R E E - W I L L**.
V I R T U E's the crown of thy **F R E E - W I L L** alone!
And **G R A T I T U D E**'s the crown of **V I R T U E** still!

'Tis *all in all* of good!—It can't be less—
 All that exalts on heav'n's illustrious plan!
 It is a HEART—what more can words express?—
 Of LOVE for GOD! of CHARITY for MAN!

And what art *thou* whose ways this truth deny?—
 A man!—yes! yes! as such thy form appears:
 But *man* is faithful to society!
Man loves himself! his *maker*, *man* reveres!

Hence! boasting mortal, hence! and learn to pay
 A tribute easy, and with justice claim'd:
 Hence! hence and learn to blush while brutes display
 Those rules of life whereby thou art defam'd!

Nay, e'en inanimates with force shall teach
 The truths, th' important truths thy ways belye:
 At this soft hour the looks of nature preach,
 Would'st thou but learn, right sound morality.

How sweet to see, kist by the gentle ray,
 The *earth*, like some fond *mother*, now appear
 Pleas'd with her offspring; herbs and flow'rets gay,
 And fruits advancing to the perfect year.

And sweet yon western concave to behold!
 Where, o'er a lovely ground of azure sheen,
 Heav'n's drap'ry, fretted with transparent gold,
 And live carnation, weaves a fairy scene!

A scene

A scene whose elegance, e'en FANCY's brain
 Ne'er equall'd yet! a scene whose hue on hue
 Is purest visual harmony! a train
 Of charms with charms disporting, ever new!

How well those beauteous airy forms display,
 The poor duration of the joys of men
 Whom FORTUNE rules;—now, at its rising, gay,
 Now sad and gloomy, at its setting reign.

With glory circled, with serenest grace
 While sheds the setting *sun* his sloping ray,
 Silence, on nature's lip, his *seal* doth place,
 Lest aught should violate the *close* of *day*.

'Twas at this hour, beneath the peaceful shade,
 Rural MENALCAS, sooth time-silver'd sage,
 Thus, to PALEMON his lov'd son, convey'd
 The priceless wisdom of experienc'd age.

‘ My life’s best treasure! yonder farewell ray
 ‘ Speaks a true lesson to thy father’s heart;
 ‘ Soon, soon must come the period of his day,
 ‘ When he for ever must from thee depart!’

‘ Therefore, PALEMON, now attend to me,
 ‘ To all thy friend and father can express!
 ‘ So may thy deeds be my best elegy!
 ‘ So be thy guests CONTENT and QUIETNESS!’

‘ Remember first, *who* gave thy youth to blow ;
 ‘ *Who* on thy reason shed the ripening ray :
 ‘ That reason’s fruit—pure praise—to *him* bestow,
 ‘ And all the homage that the heart can pay.’

‘ Humbly receive each blessing from above :
 ‘ What heav’n with-holds doth claim an equal praise :
 ‘ Heav’n gives in tenderness ! denies in love !
 ‘ Whate’er it wills, unerring GOODNESS weighs !

‘ Be FAITHFUL.—FAITHFULNESS unmov’d may be ;
 ‘ When TIME through age shall drop the wearied
 ‘ wing !
 ‘ This from the GRAVE compels the victory !
 ‘ And, mocking DEATH, cries, where O where’s
 ‘ thy sting ?

‘ Sorrows, at times drown spring’s delicious reign,
 ‘ And gloominess oft blots the summer-sky ;
 ‘ But, shall we murmur, if just heav’n ordain,
 ‘ The shade of sorrow o’er some days to lie ?

‘ The whole of living well—*three* words impart—
 ‘ *Three* words well worth three worlds!—STILL
 ‘ LIVE RESIGN’d !

‘ True RESIGNATION mocks MISFORTUNE’s dart,
 ‘ It is the *certain* armour of the mind !

‘ This ! this doth free us from our own frail will,
 ‘ For His, that ne’er can be to error prone !
 ‘ On eagle-wings, this lifts us o’er all ill,
 ‘ To rest in peace before th’ ETERNAL THRONE !

‘ Be JUST, if such thou would’st prove men to be;
‘ TRUTH is a *debt* we to each other owe;
‘ It is the great *band* of society;
‘ It is the *root* whence confidence must grow.’

‘ Be not the cruel judge in thine own cause,
‘ But prone to pardon still, who may offend:
‘ FORGIVENESS is the first of VIRTUE’s laws!
‘ Tis that, whereon all mankind must depend!’

‘ As yond gay trees, that offer now a load
‘ Of golden fruits, and spread for all their shade,
‘ Shew thou protection, be thy gifts bestow’d
‘ Unto DISTRESS when he demands thy aid.’

‘ The claim of WOE is still the claim of HEAV’N,
‘ And thou must ever prove the JUST TRUSTEE;
‘ So what thou giv’st shall be with int’rest giv’n;
‘ So shalt thou flourish in SUFFICIENCY!’

‘ Still sympathetick, may thy bosom bear
‘ A less’ning portion of thy friend’s distress;
‘ He who rejoices to arrest the tear;
‘ His heart shall dance to other’s happiness!’

‘ Attend, my son! PALEMON, still attend!
‘ Fulfil my words if thou would’st honour me!
‘ Fulfil the counsel of thy earliest friend!—
‘ Ere thou could’st *think* for self, I *thought* for thee!’

Blest

Blest shall they be, who, by such *chart* engage
 To steer through life's still fluctuating *seas* ;
 In safety shall they gain the *port* of age,
 And end their *voyage* with content and ease !

But wretched those, the dead unto their kind !
 Base niggards ! who make self, first, middle, last !—
 Who'd be monopolists of joy, shall find
 Their hopes still doom'd to disappointment's blast !

They lose the heav'n of bliss—to cheer distress !—
 To bid the hopeless hope !—want to befriend !—
 With gen'rous silence unconfin'd to bless,
 Just like the *dews* that now on earth descend !

HAIL to thy mild approach ! meek EVENING, hail !
 Sweet is thy presence ! sweet thy dress to me,
 Thy purpled dress now floating with the gale,
 That still obsequious attends on thee.

At thy right hand, what is the fair I spy ?—
 The studious soul is written on her face ;
 Her stedfast looks hold converse with the sky ;
 Staid is her gait ; her air unstudied grace :

Is she not MEDITATION ?—By her side,
 WISDOM, as on some noble purpose moves ;
 To REASON heav'n bestow'd her, as a bride,
 And WISDOM's the effect of their chaste loves.

On these a young and bloomy damsel waits,
TRUE-PLEASURE call'd ;—how uniformly gay !—
Ah ! most unlike that wanton, worst of cheats,
To whom the thoughtless adoration pay :

This, ever cheerful, and discreetly mild,
Doth MODERATION's golden mean profess :
But that's the spurious spawn of PASSIONS wild,
And drowns health, peace, and reason, in excess.

FALSE-PLEASURE is but VICE in trim attire :—
Strip her, and all the *forc'ress* thou shalt see ;
So her bright *cups* shall ne'er betray desire,
Nor her *dance* cheat, nor *syren* falsity :

So shall thy youth be blooming ; so thy years
Thy hoary years reflect that youth-tide gay ;
For HEALTH ne'er wants the *cordial-glass*, which
chears

The prudent soul, ev'n at life's setting day !

ME Robin charms, who on the bramble sings
His hymn to EVE ; soon cadenc'd, simple, sweet ;
For whom the breezes nimbly sport their wings,
Wafting, from ev'ry flow'r, a pilfer'd treat.

The clouds resign their cheerfulness of tint ;
Their gilding fades ; their purple painture dies ;
Light's last effort doth in their vi'let faint ;
And deep'ning indigo invests the skies.

Shades circling shades, the face of earth o'er-spread ;
 The woodland loses her complexion gay ;
 Yet, still I see, yon mountain's tow'ring head
 Retains the last gleams of departed day.

How languishingly now the fluid light
 Trembles upon the top of yonder spire !
 It seems like him whom earthly joys invite,
 From its poor spot unwilling to retire.

As some soft widow'd fair, the sweet *wild-rose*
 Unwilling to be seen, shuts up from view
 In silken veil her face ; and weeping, shews
 Grief for the *sun*, from whom her joys she drew.

His flock the swain has number'd, and away
 He hurries them, unto the wattled pen ;
 The un-yok'd steer now winds it o'er the lea,
 Rejoic'd to find sweet *liberty* again.

THOU ! who know'st all ! O ! tell me why that name
 Of LIBERTY, like magick influence, can
 Dilate my heart ! and set my soul on flame !
 And wake within more than the usual man !

Ah ! sure the love of it thou mixt with mind,
 To actuate, ennable, and adorn !
 That, worthy of thy love, should live mankind,
 Nor sink to wretched objects of thy scorn !

For

For can there aught so mean, so fardid be,
So worthless of thy love through nature's plan,
As *him*, thy blessed WILL ordained free,
Shrunk to a willing slave, and lost to man?

Curst be the wretch! however high and great,
By whose vile force or art, man's spirit's broke,
To menial chains!—be menial chains his fate!
And *length of life beneath the galling yoke!*

Thus let him live damn'd with a sense of shame!
Each thought of him a vomit to the times!
And, when he falls, oblivion blast his name!
But—if thy mercy can!—forgive his crimes!

From such, with LIBERTY, O! let me live
Rather, where scarce a sun-beam e'er doth fall,
Than where earth teems with all that earth can give,
If one vile TYRANT may be lord of all!

For me the *cave* would have delights—unknown
In *doubtful courts*—if I could call it *mine*!
The *stream* would prove rich *nectar* while *my own*!
And *acorn-food* as *ambrosi* divine!

Ah! what avails it that more gen'rous climes,
To other lands each bliss of PLENTY give,
If WANT and WOE and WRETCHEDNESS are crimes,
If GREATNESS only may more idly live?

Look

Look o'er ITALIA—hear her crying poor;
 They'll tell you plenty springs to *mock* their ills!—
 There, scorching pangs of thirst may they endure,
 Though waste of nectar on each bough distills!

But here—and may the truth expand each heart
 With gratitude to HIM, who will'd it so!—
 Here LIBERTY doth all her joys impart!
 Makes riches *wealth*! and poverty *not woe*!

O GODDESS! vital spirit of this isle!—
 This queen of isles, enthron'd in silver sea,
 With all her daughters circling in her smile;
 To whom proud continents their homage pay;—

Not RHODES so rich was, when by Jove's decree,
 The wide wide cloud dispers'd its golden rain,
 As, in the blessings daily shower'd by thee,
 This world's compendium, offspring of the main!

When, forth emerging through the fruitful tide
 She rose, while hov'ring angels did admire!
 Prophetick sang they — ‘ Be the glorious pride
 ‘ Of isles! be blest with all thou canst desire!’

‘ Rich be thy soil, and teeming with the seed
 ‘ Of each sweet grain, and herb, and fruit, and flow'r;
 ‘ The sturdiest droves thy fertile plains shall feed;
 ‘ Thy hills, innum'rous flocks shall silver o'er:

‘ Thy

‘ Thy sons shall in the various ARTS excel,
‘ And laurell’d SCIENCE shall with them reside :
‘ Plac’d on her throne of gold, here TRADE shall
‘ dwell,
‘ With ever-changing COMMERCE by her side :’

‘ Thou, thou shalt boast a son, a GEORGE, whose
‘ throne
‘ Shall, like a rock, stand on his people’s love ,
‘ Who, in their happiness, will seek his own,
‘ And only in their welfare, welfare prove !

‘ ’Twill be his first delight, to deal relief
‘ Where the keen stings of misery annoy ;
‘ To banish, from the widow’s bosom, grief ;
‘ And give the orphan’s heart to dance for joy !’

‘ Shall SCIENCE want a patron ? shall the ARTS
‘ E’er know to languish while he holds the sway ?—
‘ He, as the sun to nature grace imparts,
‘ Shall give them all their beauty to display !’

‘ Then ! then thy *horizon* shall sweetly blaze
‘ With *stars*, for ev’ry noble purpose fit !
‘ Thereon thy sons with wonder still shall gaze,
‘ Finding in CHATHAM all they found in PITT !’

‘ TEMPLE, from it, shall wisdom’s light dispense !
‘ From it NORTHUMBERLAND shed worth’s pure
‘ ray !
‘ And—to complete the constellation—thence
‘ CAMDEN the life of lustre shall display !

‘ Within

- ‘ Within thy courts sages shall sit, to deal
- ‘ Pure justice, though CORRUPTION opes her purse ;
- ‘ Sages, on whom a world would not prevail,
- ‘ Like M—— to deserve a nation’s curse.’

- ‘ Free souls of MIDDLESEX shall scorn the will
- ‘ Of knaves of state, and still continue free !
- ‘ Rights, wrote in kindred blood, they’ll cherish
- ‘ still,
- ‘ And give their sons in noble legacy !’

- ‘ Ne’er ! ne’er, O ALBION, to thy latest hour,
- ‘ Shall noble souls be wanting in thy cause !
- ‘ SIDNEY’s shall scorn the bloody axe of Pow’r,
- ‘ When call’d to vindicate thy injur’d laws !’

ALL, thus they promis’d, time fulfils to thee
 Who to the world dost like a *phenix* shew !—
 May’st thou the prime of grateful nations be !
 Much must thou pay !—yet much still must thou owe !

Thy hills are mantled with the gayest green,
 And FLORA, monthly, decks thy breathing vales ;
 Pure is thy air ; thy cheerful skies serene ;
 And healthy fragrance freights thy sportive gales !

In safety, here, his way the trav’ler plies,
 Nor sees the sun blankt at the noon of day ;
 Unlike him hapless ! who, beneath fierce skies
 O’er barb’rous wastes of ARABY doth stray :

There,

There, when the howling whirlwind's dreadful
 might,

Gives clouds of sand o'er clouds of sand t' ascend,
Aghast he startles at untimely night,
Nor finds in hope one cordial to befriend

Ten thousand horrors his rackt soul assaile !

He looks for heav'n !—no heav'n smiles on his eyes !
The sandy torrents more and more prevail !
They overtake !—he falls !—he falls !—he dies !

Here, **HEALTH** lives in the nicely temper'd air,
When livid **PESTILENCE**, sick-ey'd, unclean,
From the inactive and gross atmosphere,
Descends on other lands to hold her reign :

ASIA ! how often, with a mother's woe
Thou wait'st, while stalks this *fury* o'er the land,
Laying thy thousands and ten thousands low,
As fall the ears before the reaper's hand !

In other lands, the fulph'rous stratas lye,
Nitre, and bitumen, collecting might
For nature's wreck ! perhaps, when jollity
Employs the day, or dead repose the night !

The sandy *torrent*, and the *whirlwind* wild,
Are soft rebukes, are in their progress slow,
E'en savage *pestilence* is kindly mild
To such a shock as **LISBOA** + did know.

M

When

+ The antient name of *Lisbon*.

When the ETERNAL stretches forth his hand,
 The pillars fall whereon old nature stood !
 Here yawns a hell ! there the convulsive land
 Heaves, as by storms distracted heaves the flood !

Earth vomits to the heav'ns sulphureous fire !
 Distraction wars through the affrighted air ;
 Ocean and all his pow'rs in league conspire,
 As if inclin'd nor earth nor heav'n to spare !

Now peals of thunder, thunder peals confound,
 Horribly rolling as 'twere time's dread knell !
 Now the laments of mad despair resound !
 Now horror triumphs in the torturing yell !

Ye sons of misery ! where shall ye fly ?
 Destruction's 'fore you ! death pursues behind !
 Seek ye the bulwarks ?—they in atoms lye !
 The tow'rs ?—to ruin they are now confign'd !

And—as the crown of all—in this blest isle,
 When want and war full many nations know,
 On her abundant horn doth PLENTY smile !
 And PEACE, celestial dove ! her influence shew !

After the fervours of the potent day,
 To nature not so sweet this dewy hour,
 Which bids her offspring all again be gay,
 As joys that PEACE on human kind doth shew'r !

THIS

THIS season's sacred to those bosom friends
Whose gentle souls one common int'rest know ;
Now, each the other with like views attend,—
To give the honest heart a gen'rous flow.

And, from the world—that *Argus*, whose base sight
Is ever clear each error to descry—
The youth, whose bosom lodges love's delight,
On wings of haste unto the bow'r doth fly :

There, to his blooming mistress, to impart,
All the soul knows ; there guiltless to bestow
Kisses like cordials, pledges for his heart,
And smoothly give the love-taught song to flow.—

But, though there are, who form'd of nobler mold,
Spurn each mean thought, and are to conscience true,
Who, INNOCENCE with such respect behold,
As if they did a sacred *cherub* view ;

Yet many more for momentary joy,
With wanton cruelty would violate
The female honour ! and, with pride destroy
Those chaste delights which VIRTUE doth create !

Of such, ye *female innocents*, beware !
Upon your caution stands felicity !
One false step throws ye on the fatal snare
Beneath which lurks that serpent—INFAMY !

Be careful how ye walk in evening's shade
 Though fancy whispers ' ye may safely stray ;'
 But, if ye rove, take—like the gentle maid
 EDWINA—*prudence* to direct your stay.

Three tedious days the damsel all alone
 Sought the green covert by young CORRIN drest ;
Anxiety 'till now was all unknown ;
 Till now care not intruded on her rest :

Those three long days, unto the wishful maid,
 Deny'd the presence of her darling swain ;
 Still, still she hop'd to meet him in the shade,
 But still alone the *turtle* did complain.

'Twàs there—her head on lilly arm reclin'd,
 Expressive picture of the tend'rest care !—
 Thus gave she language to an anxious mind,
 While all around her as attentive were.

' The rural troop, rejoic'd at set of day,
 ' Now from bay-harvest homeward haste along,
 ' And whistle thought and whistle toil away,
 ' And smooth the road with jest and jocund song.'

' But I—Ah welaway !—so lately blest,
 ' So blest with all contentment could impart,
 ' See morn and eve return—but not my rest !
 ' See other's gay—while mine's a mourning heart !'

‘ O CORRIN,

‘ O CORRIN, why ! why rov’st thou, dearest swain !
 ‘ Why shun’st thou thy lov’d scenes ? why shun’st
 ‘ thou me ?
 ‘ Return ! return ! restore my peace again !
 ‘ Return !—thy strolling flock laments for thee !

 ‘ Ah ! know I now—what was unknown before—
 ‘ The flow’r possest, doth but half sweets impart ;
 ‘ I *lov’d* thee much ! but now I *love* thee more !
 ‘ Thy *absence* brings thee *closer* to my heart !

 ‘ Return ! return with sweetness in thine eyes !
 ‘ Return with health expanding o’er thy cheek !
 ‘ Return with all thyself !—’tis all I prize !
 ‘ All love can wish thee ! all my rapture speak !

 ‘ How should my heart dance to behold thee here !
 ‘ And yet—But wherefore should I doubt the youth ?
 ‘ Why doubt of him whom all pronounce sincere ?
 ‘ Why doubt of him who never err’d from truth ?

 ‘ He never err’d ! no ! never, but in love,
 ‘ And yet shall he wipe all that crime away !
 ‘ Yes ! he again as fond as kind shall prove,
 ‘ As when we first together hail’d the *May* !

 ‘ O recollection sweet ! O precious time !
 ‘ When he surpast the shepherds in the dale,
 ‘ As humble flow’rs the *lilly* in its prime,
 ‘ As homely birds the tuneful *nightingale* !”

‘ Ne’er met we since but spake his stedfast eyes,
 ‘ They spake !—Ye pow’rs, tell all they did express !
 ‘ And all his pressing hands !—and all his sighs !—
 ‘ Ah ! spake they not as my fond heart did guess ?’

 ‘ O then what cause hath wrought thy change of
 ‘ mind ?—
 ‘ Why rov’st thou from thy home, thy flock and me ?
 ‘ Hath malice told EDWINA is unkind ?—
 ‘ Or without cause yield’st thou to jealousy ?—

 ‘ Am I ungentle ?—thou hast call’d me meek ;
 ‘ Can I, as wither’d, all so soon appear ?
 ‘ Ah no !—the self same colour spreads my cheek,
 ‘ Or the transparent lake is unsincere.’

 ‘ But what the profit, though I wore the hue,
 ‘ That paints the lilly and the summer rose,
 ‘ If undelightful to my shepherd’s view,
 ‘ But in whose praise EDWINA’s beauty blows ?’

 ‘ Why do my *hives* with flav’rcus treasures flow ;
 ‘ Why swell the udders of my cleanly *kine* ;
 ‘ Why wear my *flock* thick fleeces fair as snow ;
 ‘ Why are the *garden*’s fragrant offspring mine ?’

 ‘ Why fwells on ev’ry bough the juicy *pear* ;
 ‘ Why hang my *pipins* rip’ning into gold ;
 ‘ Since, without thee, beneath EDWINA’s care
 ‘ Are fruits and flow’rs, bees, kine, and peopled fold ?’

‘ O ! if

- ‘ O ! if thou lov’st, return, return, dear swain !
 ‘ On wings of speed return to truth and me !—
 ‘ Or if thou doubt’st, return and cure thy pain,
 ‘ Return and find one all as fond as *thee* !

 ‘ As *thee* !—and did I say’t ?—It shall be so !
 ‘ It shall ! it shall ! the tender thought is heav’n !
 ‘ Nor truth, nor love to me my swain doth owe !
 ‘ His heart repays the fond fond heart I’ve giv’n !

 ‘ O haste, my shepherd, hither haste thy way !
 ‘ And love alone shall be our precious care !
 ‘ At ease, thou on my lap thy head shalt lay,
 ‘ And with this ribbon will I plait thy hair !

 ‘ AMANDA, skill’d in many a wond’rous art,
 ‘ Upon her nuptial evening made it mine ;
 ‘ It hath a pow’r to bind a *lover’s* heart,
 ‘ (So said she) and with it I’ll fasten thine.

 ‘ I’ll cull for thee such berries of the wood
 ‘ As sweetest are and cool to appetite ;
 ‘ I’ll slake thy thirst from yonder limpid flood ;
 ‘ I’ll pluck thee flow’rs that breathe the best delight :

 ‘ And if thou ask’st will I confess my love,
 ‘ I will !—Here ceas’d she, for the swain drew nigh :
 She fled ; he follow’d ; woo’d, and won the dove :
 So those who’d be *pursu’d* must ever *fly*.

THE day is done.—Farewel, ye hills and dales ?
 EVENING farewell ! that fly'st, o'er-aw'd by NIGHT,
 Whose floating *gloom* still more and more prevails ;
 Dull agent ! blotting beauty from the sight.

The heavy *beetle* winds his drowsy horn ;
 Through lonely ways the wheeling *bat* doth roam,
 Thief-like to plunder, 'till the ray of *morn*
 Compels him to his solitary home.

Still, as to sooth the mother of his race,
 The *black-bird* in the orchard swells his lay ;
 Nor, in the meads the little *quails* can cease
 The frequent *twit*, lest their poor *younglings* stray.

After his healthy labours in the fields,
 The *villager* contented lays him down,
 To taste those sweets the time of slumber yields,
 That time, which CARE with GREATNESS calls
 her own.

O happy man who know'st this tranquil state !
 To whom, with each new day, new joys are lent !
 Though lowly thou, far art thou o'er the great,
 For thine is *peace* of heart, and thine *content* !

GIVE me, kind heav'n ! to taste the joys that flow
 From sweet *retirement* and the *rural reign* !
 There let me dwell : there easy *quiet* know :
 And what life's wants demand let me obtain.

Tis

Tis not in mere mere opulence to grant
Joys that are truly sweet and permanent :
The rich, with all their stores, experience want :
The poor are rich—if they enjoy content.

I ask not titles.—Can they raise mankind ?
I ask not splendour.—Could it make me great ?
True dignity's an inmate with the *mind*—
Search *there*, for there alone it lives complete.

Far, far from me remain the servile croud,
Who, for some little views, with fulsome praise
Indulge the craving passion of the proud ;
And may my conscience still approve my ways.

Let malice ne'er disturb my life's repose ;
Let me from grov'ling care continue free ;
May no one grudge me what kind heav'n bestows,
None will I envy—none should envy me.

Where, by degrees, the cheerful hills arise,
Whose sandy soil feeds many a wanton bloom,
That spreads untutor'd beauty to the eyes,
And lends the air salubrious perfume ;

May simple structure, there, for me ascend,
And many a range of antient oaks, behind,
Their arms inweaving, wholesome shelter lend
'Gainst *Eurus* keen, and *Boreas* more unkind.

Adown the steep let son'rous cascade pour,
 And, in a copious stream distend below ;
 Its rolling musick in the silent hour,
 Would sooth my soul, and easy dreams bestow.

When nature ficken'd under summer's heat,
 In many a maze the stream should learn to stray,
 My garden's thirsty foil to recreate,
 And to the meads fertility convey.

Where sprang my plants, therenature should extend
 Her careless reign ; and art, if art might be
 Admitted, should correct like some kind friend,
 But when she err'd in rude simplicity.

Here would I teach my woodbines how to twine
 Their bloomy foliage, to compose a bow'r,
 Where I could make calm meditation mine,
 Or with the *muses* while the noon-tide hour.

Oft would I wed me to the pleasing care,
 The temper of the flow'ry race to know,
 That I might give them fav'rite soil and air,
 To win each latent beauty into blow.

Beneath the shelter of some flowering trees
 My hives would I in prudent range dispose ;
 There oft I'd watch the policy of *bees*,
 Thence to deduce what man to mankind owes.

But

But not to such small scene I'd be confin'd ;
For, won by nature's inexpressive grace,
Untir'd would I exert each pow'r of mind,
Her mystic workings to their source to trace.

Shall man remain contented with the sight
Of beauties which the seasons bid appear,
Nor seek to know by *reason's* steady light,
How matter varies with the varying year ?

'Tis his to study nature's code of laws ;
To force her arcanum ; her ways to try ;
Until the great, and good, and wise, **FIRST CAUSE**,
In happy prospect opes on reason's eye :

Then let him bend ! then pour his soul in praise !
Then then adore **HIM Wond'rous ! Infinite !**
Who did such charms from tangled chaos raise !
Made discord, *harmony* ! and darkness, *light* !

Oft, oft from *matter* would I turn to *mind*,
Great *lamp* of nature whence *light* ever flows !
Man's *guest* amazing ! *pent*, yet *unconfin'd* !
That *knows* all things but *that* whereby it *knows* !

Such my pursuits, time still must good bestow ;
Time still must make life's cares and troubles less ;—
The more our **MAKER** and ourselves we know,
The more we still advance in *happiness*.

But

But whilst on knowledge, whilst on joy intent,
 For self whilst thoughtful, may I ne'er forget
 That all I own for gen'ral good is lent :—
 I must not have to pay, and die in debt.

Whate'er I own, or little I may know,
 Still must I share with those who would receive :
 This were but paying what I justly owe :—
 I was not made for self alone to live.

'Tis worst ingratitude in him, whose mind
 Is bright'ned by celestial wisdom's ray,
 To see poor IGNORANCE continue blind,
 Nor on his *mental eyes* pour cheerful day.

How can that wretched niggard hope to see
 His furrows weave with autumn's ripen'd gold ;
 Who hears the cries of pale NECESSITY,
 Yet from her hand the *pittance* doth with-hold ?

Far, far from me, may such poor souls depart !
 But grant me heav'n a friend whom I may love ;
 Who knows the blessings of a feeling heart ;
 Who dares to censure ; and who can approve ;

Who scorns those *weather-cocks*, that hourly wave,
 But in the *summer* of felicity :
 Preserve ! preserve my LEWIS, and thou'l't save
 The full perfection of such friend to me !

And

And if, to crown my wish, this one thing more,
Heav'n, in its boundless bounty would bestow,
The wealth of IND could not encrease my store,
Nor life one joy additional e'er know.

Union with her whose outward youthful grace,
Is but *out-bloom'd* by deathless excellence ;
Whose look is *innocence* ; whose heart the place
Where MODESTY hath fixt her residence ;

Who, guiltless of mean hopes, can be the friend,
And justly rate the friendship she doth find ;
Who, from a private object, can extend
Her pure good will to reach *all* human kind :

With so much sweetness, I my soul could share,
And think 'twas little that I did resign !—
True ! true the *gem* exempt from flaw, is rare ,
But, give me ANNA, and that *gem* is mine !

Yet, should my wish seem to OMNISCIENCE vain,
Not *mine* ! not *mine* ! but may *his* will be done !
Could man fruition of his wishes gain,
Those rocks he'd split on, which he most should shun.

Right wise is he, and happiest of mankind,
Who envies not what is to others lent ;
But, howsoe'er the will of heaven's inclin'd,
Calmly submits—is *thankful*—and *content*.

Thou !

Thou! thou ALMIGHTY! whose eternal will
Knows nought but good! make! make *content* my
store!
In mercy teach, O teach thy servant! still
To use what's giv'n for good—nor vainly sigh for
more!

END of the Third CANTO.

NIGHT.



N I G H T.

THE FOURTH

C A N T O.



DECEMBER 19

N I G H T:

C A N T O IV.

ALL nature now seems as in death's repose ;
 Not ev'n a breeze disturbs the calm of NIGHT ;
 No beamy lustre to the wakeful shews,
 Except the living *Phosphor*'s † dubious light.

At this dull hour the *meteor* of the fen,
 Appears like rushy-taper seen from far,
 And oft misleads the steps of village-men,
 And fancy cheats with gliding *spectres* drear.

Like the false wretch who puts on friendship's guise,
 Credulity the easier to betray,
 From the foul marsh those gay vapours rise,
 And promise guidance by their dancing ray ;

But hapless those, who, lost in glooms of night,
 See such illusions, nor their nature know,
 Who seek with hasty step th' *evading* light,
 Which often leads into a fatal woe.

N

DEEP

† The *Glow-worm*.

DEEP in the vale, there liv'd an happy pair
 Whose peaceful souls no cares did e'er invade ;
 EGON the shepherd, EMMA was the fair,
 And each, the other's love with love repaid.

Call'd to the nuptials of a shepherd-friend,
 One eve went they, in all their finery drest,
 The shepherd in his turn was to attend
 Next day, to see our pair by HYMEN blest :

Oft on the way young EGON won her kiss,
 And snatched her lilly-hand unto his heart ;
 And EMMA oft, for the approaching blifs,
 To heav'n did all her thankful soul impart.

' O may my friend,' (he'd say) ' with SILVIA know
 ' Such joys, my EMMA, as I'll know with thee !'
 ' May SILVIA,' (she would cry) ' to DAMON owe
 ' Such blifs, my EGON, as thou'l lend to me !'

With words of love, and looks most sweetly mild,
 And gen'rous hope, each for the fav'rite friend,
 The honest gentle pair the time beguil'd
 Until with DAMON's cot their walk did end.

There was the village met ; and strait began
 The various pastime ; song, and dance so gay ;
 But, for just movement EGON was the man,
 And none like EMMA pour'd the chearful lay.

Thus

Thus past the hours, 'till warn'd by growing night,
EGON and EMMA took the path-way home;
But, as they went, the stars withdrew their light,
Till not a ray shew'd whither they should roam:

Sudden and fierce a storm burst from the sky,
Thrice thunders roll'd! thrice did the *owl* complain!
The trembling damsel heav'd th' unusual sigh,
And to her bosom snatcht her guardian swain!

' Dispel my love!' (he cry'd) ' dispel this fear!
' Dread not the raging conflict of the skies!
' Such innocents as thou, to heav'n are dear,
' And safety still in such pure virtue lies!'

' This fullen gloom my EMMA strait may fly,
' Or some kind taper shed its chearful ray,
' To shew the hospitable cot is nigh,
' And lend us kind direction on our way.'

While he thus essay'd comfort to the fair,
Full many a sad tear did his gay-cheek stain;
EMMA alone employ'd the shepherd's care,
And EMMA's trouble only gave him pain.

Scarce had he ceas'd, when an untimely *gleam*
Its fatal radiance to the wand'rers gave:
The pair pursued the *meteor* to the stream,
And both—at once—had—one cold watry grave!

Upon a bank the pair were found next morn,
Like true-loves still, united arm in arm ;
Still did the rose her clay-cold cheek adorn,
And still his features wore their native charm.

Beneath one verdant sod in peace they lye ;
And, thither, oft resort the plighted pair,
Who ne'er the tributary tear deny,
While they strew o'er them virgin flow'rets fair.

NOR is the village wonder still confin'd
Unto those strange illusions of the earth ;
For, at this time, oft the astonish'd *bind*
Sees, in the northern skies the meteor's birth :

He looks and trembles, and with dread adores !
Then homeward hastes ; and strait the town appears :
Each eye new cause of wonder still explores ;
And with this wonder still arise new fears :

Then *one*, who boasts of much-experienced *age*,
Unfolds the myst'ry of the glancing ray ;
Shews streaming *blood* where warring *armies* rage,
And *empires*, falling into swift *decay* :

Or, in the seeming conflict of the skies,
The dread approaching *hour* is clearly seen,
When the *dead-nations* shall together rise,
And nature pass as it had never been.

If harmless meteors give such horrors birth,
 What dread ineffable must stun the soul
 Of INDOLENCE ! unthinking son of earth !
 When raging flames extend to either pole ?

When the dire crash of many a falling world,
 Throughout heav'n's vast doth horribly resound !
 The crash ! to which ten thousand thunders hurl'd
 At the same time, were *musick's tend'rest sound* !

O happy VIRTUE ! who in FAITH art strong !
 Who tak'st the EVERLASTING for thy aid !
 To thee ! to thee alone it doth belong
 To view this wreck of NATURE undismay'd !

Ye who pursue fantastick PLEASURE's round,
 O ! learn to look from her deceitful way
 To those blest regions where delights are found,
 Whose sweets ambrosial never know decay !

Taste, and speak truly of each joy ye meet ;
 Look o'er *this* scene and tell how it appears :
 Is there not bitter mingled with each sweet ?
 Is not *this* world a very *vale of tears* ?

Ye wretched many, who too oft rejoice
 To glut with RIOT in her sensual sty,
 Who madly make foul INFAMY your choice,
 And, to your lusts, nor health nor peace deny ;

Will ye be ever slaves to APPETITE ?
 Will ye for ever glory in your sin ?
 Ye little know with what ye call delight
 The bitt'rest cares and anguish still begin :

The cup infatiate LUX'RY doth present,
 May charm the taste, may sparkle on the eyes,
 But, 'tis by her, from vilest motives lent,
 For in it worse than *adder's* poison lies !

'Tis better cancers gnaw the tend'rest part,
 And on each joint rheumatick tortures dwell,
 Than feel the stings of CONSCIENCE at the heart,
 For stings of CONSCIENCE are the stings of HELL !

Ye want not warnings to forsake your way :—
 The sad *funereal knell* ye daily hear :
Fall not your friends ? Hark ! from the *tomb* they say,
 ' Short was our race !—short will be your career ! '

Yet, to learn this you need not read the *tomb* :
 No *minute* comes, but, like an *angel* cries,
 ' The PAST is lost ! — FUTURITY is gloom ! —
 ' The PRESENT snatch ! ETERNITY's the prize !'

Thwart not this counsel ! — on the watch be found !
 O ! trim your lamps ! — the *foe* perchance is near ! —
 So, safety's yours, though falling worlds resound !
 Although *expiring TIME's* last groans ye hear !

Lo !

Lo! where the Moon, sweet majesty of night!
Doth in her sapphire throne her reign resume!
See! see she comes with train divinely bright,
Shedding a flood of splendor o'er the gloom!

Hail, radiant form! mild source of *lesser* day!
Thou loveliest *eye*, thou *life* of this *still* time!
Hail, ye attendants, that about her play,
Fair *gems* of heav'n in *glory's* matchless prime!

Come, MEDITATION, on thy strongest wing
Bear me aloft!—O let me reach the skies!
And catch enraptur'd what these systems sing
To their CREATOR, as they set and rise!

Ah!—'tis deny'd *mortality*, to feel
Such joys, too pure but for the sons of day,
And unimprison'd souls, who calmly steal
From earth, and their first vesture of decay!

Enough for *man*, submissively to gaze
At proper distance on the boundless skies;
Enough for *man*, t' exert himself in praise
Of *HIM*, to whom these wonders owe their rise:

Whose will maintains them, and is that dread law,
To which, obediently they ever move;
From whose effulgence, they their brightness draw,
Effulgence, source of endless day above!

At whose command, this gay, this beauteous world,
Did from blank night and dire disorder rise ;
At whose command 'twill from its poles be hurl'd,
Yon orbs will sicken and forget their skies :

At whose command, that wond'rous mass of fire
Which warms the skies, earth's bowels, depths of sea,
Shall, in a far more potent flame, expire ;
A flame wherein the heav'n's shall pass away ! †

IDLE in labour he, who wracks the brain
In quest of knowledge mankind need *not* know :
Such knowledge of GOD's works, O ! may I gain,
As can more warmly give my *praise* to flow.

For

† 2 Pet 3. 10. The heavens shall pass away with a great noise, the elements shall melt, and the earth be burnt up.—That is, say some, totally consumed and utterly abolished: for, when there is no need of sun and stars, of earth and water, why should they be any more? And, when the SAINTS see GOD face to face, what need the glafs of the creatures to behold the face of GOD in?—Others conceive that the heavens and the earth shall not be annihilated, but bettered and improved; their substance continued, but their qualities changed. That out of this conflagration, GOD will bring forth a new edition of heaven and earth, and of what is contained in them, to be the everlasting monuments of his own power and goodness, and the delightful objects of his saints contemplation. See that learned, ingenious, and pious expositor, BURKITT.

For this grand end let me peruse the sky,
That sacred volume of th' ETERNAL hand !
Work of PERFECTION ! free to ev'ry eye,
And read and understood by ev'ry land !

A TOUCH of the ALMIGHTY's pencil glows
And charms us in the morn !—the noon of day
To us a *beam* of his effulgence shews !
But above all NIGHT doth the GOD display !

Of WORLDS and WORLDS, by number unconfin'd,
An awful prospect is display'd by NIGHT !
A scene that speaks unto the feeling mind,
The language of instruction and delight !

Yon lucid orbs, pure founts of living flame,
Are characters that gloriously impart
The awful greatness of JEHOV A H's name,
And sweetly speak his goodness to the heart !

To these my soul all thy attention pay !
Priceless the counsel which by them is giv'n !
The truth these hosts to REASON's ear convey
Is the resistless rhetorick of heav'n !

These rolling orbs, the multitude behold,
As spots by *carelessness* flung o'er the skies :—
Let them hear what PHILOSOPHY hath told,
And wonder shall into amazement rise !

WHAT

WHAT is this *earth* which men so glorious deem,
 And all the woods and groves wherewith 'tis dreft,
 And Atlasses, that sky-supporters seem?—
 But a meer mole, O NATURE, on thy breast!

Compar'd to orbs which in yon concave roll,
 This world's a *particle*! a *drop* her *sea*!
 But if considerd with creation's whole,
 The *trifle* into *nothing* doth decay!

To one, who, tow'rd this globe directs his eye,
 E'en from the *planet* which is plac'd most near,
 Such wond'rous tracts of space between them lye,
 But as an azure gem can it appear;

A pleasing spot, irradiate to his eyes,
 As seems to us the *queen* of yonder host; †
 While to those beings, who in loftier skies
 Have their abode, it is in darkness lost.

That *planet* which is herald of our day,
 And earliest messenger of fullen night, †
 With t'other *four*, that mystically play
 Around the *sun* the fountain of their light, †

Have

†† The planet *Venus*.—This planet and the earth, are nearly of the same diameter, about 7,900 miles.

† The earth is not more opaque in itself than the other planets: they are all alike debtors to the sun for their light.

Around

Have of their own, hills, woodlands, seas, and skies ;
For all demands of life are well supply'd ;
And REASON sees with her keen eagle-eyes,
An *intellectual race* in them reside.

Can it be thought such glorious *worlds* had birth,
Meerly to decorate the skies of night,
Or, servant-like, on this dim spot of earth
Still to attend, to beam their chearful light ?

For noble ends are noble works design'd :—
Kings are for *palaces* ; the *swains* for *bow'rs* :—
If *worlds* are modell'd of *superior* kind,
Shall not their *natives* boast *superior* pow'rs ? †

WHAT

Around him they make their revolutions, and all together compose a system which is disposed in the following manner. The sun possesses the centre, whence he never moves; but from observations it is found, that the spots on his surface do not always appear in the same situation, which must be owing to his revolving on his own axis; and this he does in about 25 days from west to east. Mercury is in his neighbourhood: the next is Venus: then our Earth: Mars is beyond: the next is Jupiter: and Saturn is the most remote. The Moon, vulgarly ranked amongst the planets, is but a satellite, an attendant on one of them—the Earth: for, as they revolve about the sun, her motion is round the earth, which she regards as her centre, and in whose neighbourhood she is always found.

† Should an inhabitant of *any* of the planets look on *this* world, he would have no better right to imagine it furnished for

WHAT is the *orb* from which our *day* doth flow?
 Doth it, but as a *blazing eye*, appear?
 Yet 'twere amazement its vast *round* to know,
 More than amazement of its *bulk* to hear,

Together miles on miles by *thousands* join,
 Yet these will prove unequal to its *round*; †
 Of *millions* yok'd to *millions* firm a line,
 And short of its *contents* this shall be found!

Do

for the maintenance of life, and peopled with an intellectual race, than we have to believe the seeming star which he inhabits, accommodated, and stocked with beings, in the like manner. That many of the heavenly bodies known to us, are greatly larger than this earth; and, that there are many, as great as those, with which we are unacquainted on account of the immensity of their distance, is the positive assertion of the most ingenious and learned men.—Scepticism itself can hardly entertain a doubt of the testimony; for, it is not unknown amongst the most ignorant, that the appearance of comets and the appearance and duration of eclipses are foretold with the utmost exactness. And surely, the ability that can ascertain these to a moment of time, may be allowed capable of determining the magnitude of the celestial bodies. If then, the reports of astronomy be admitted as truth, may we not reasonably conclude, that *those* worlds are peopled with innumerable ranks of beings; and, that in proportion to *their* glory, *their* orders of existence are more glorious too?—Such an opinion, seems to me, more agreeable to reason than that which stints existence to a spot; and more worthy of the CREATOR who is INFINITE in GOODNESS and POWER.

† The ambit or circumference of the sun is computed by

Do these reports astonishment inspire ?
 Do these our rev'rence of that Pow'r engage,
 Whose WILL illum'd the wond'rous mass of fire,
 And keeps the flame alive from age to age ?

With TRUTH, with pure PHILOSOPHY advance,
 And they shall open to your wond'ring eyes,
 Still nobler scenes in yonder blue expanse ;—
 Scenes ! to which these are but of *dwarfish* size !

THOUGH great the earth ; immense the orb of day ;
Wondrous the planets that around him steer ;
 Yet, but a *weak* idea these convey,
 Of *systems* which in other skies appear !

Each *fix'd star*, glitt'ring on the face of night,
 In size and glory's like the sun we view,
 And, as a system's centre, fills with light,
 Worlds upon worlds which are its retinue. †

Demand

by Dr. Derham at 2,582,873 miles, and its solid contents at 290,971,000,000,000,000. See Astro-Theology, Book 1 Chap. 2.—Its diameter is thought to be ten times greater than that of the largest planet Jupiter, which is about 81,200 miles.

† Stars are divided into fixed and wandering : the latter are the planets ; (of which the reader may form some idea from what has been offered in the poem) and the former, which the antient astronomers judged were fixed in the sky, differ from them as well in their strength and steadiness of light,

Demand you, why *those* worlds that are so fair,
 Worlds that are bright, and of stupendous size,
 And roll in regions of transparent air,
 Deny their beamy lustre to the eyes?

So

light, as in their continuance in the same situation with regard to one another.' If these do not emit their own brightness, but derive their light from the sun, we must receive it from them after a second journey of prodigious, I might say, inconceiveable length. Saturn's distance from the sun (which is the greatest of any of the planets) is upwards of three hundred and thirty millions of leagues; and yet this distance is but a point, to that of the sun from the nearest of the fixed stars. Saturn however, so much nearer as he is to the sun than any of the fixed stars, is dim with respect to any of them. But his is a derived, their's is an inherent light. His radiance undergoes a second enormous route before it reaches us, but theirs is directly transmitted. He is a planet, but they are SUNS. It would otherwise be impossible, that they could shine with that life which they appear to have.

Since it appears that they are suns; we may conclude (if our judgment of what is not positively known may be regulated by what we do know, which I take to be the safest method) that each of them is the centre of a *vortex*. Our *sun* is such; why may not *they* be so too? He has his attendant planets, to which he communicates life and light; why may not each of those have planets, to dispense life and light too? His system is great; and the system of every fixed star may be as glorious. The space occupied by the sun and his planets, is but a small portion of the indefinite

So distant hence the SUNS round which they ply,
That if from them were hurl'd the leaden ball,
Six hundred thousand years and more would fly,
Ere on this earth the traveller would fall!

YET, still, those scenes which are so excellent,
So glorious and so wonderfully grand,
Are poor, are dim, are of a mean extent,
To others built by the ALMIGHTY hand!

Thought to GOD's glory cannot set a bound!
Nor stint his wond'rous workings to a place!
To HIM mean are the largest regions found!
For HIM! for HIM is *never-ending space!*

On

indefinite expanse, throughout which the fixed stars are dispersed, as far from each other as our sun is from the nearest of them.

The hand of GOD spared nothing in the formation of the universe which was worthy of himself. Nothing could be greater; nothing more glorious, nothing so suitable to his OMNIPOTENCE, as this profusion of systems, of each of which a sun is the centre.—An inhabitant of a planet of any of those systems, may, while it is night with him, see the *suns* of all that surround him, as so many *stars*.—Our sun (being so very near to us, with respect to the suns of other vortices, as to strike the fight with incomparably greater force) doth, when we see him, efface every other luminary; so, the *sun* of every other vortex rules in its *turn*, and effaces *ours* and all the other suns or fixed stars. Thus, each is a *sun of day* to the planets within his vortex, but a *star only*, with regard to all other systems.

On FANCY's eagle-pinions greatly soar,
 Far, far beyond the planetary choir ;—
 Still farther rise !—and farther still !—still more !
 Till to thought's loftiest star thou dost aspire :

Then, on its utmost elevation stand,
 And take unknown amazement at thine eyes ;
 See *other HEAV'NS* their azure sheets expand !
Another SUN illuminate those skies !

See *other STARS*, from the alternate night,
 With their chaste beams, its fullen glooms to chace !
 See *other SYSTEMS* vast, in glory bright,
 Spread with profusion in the endless space !—

Art thou surpriz'd at this exalted host,
 Which to creation's whole is still but small ?
 How must thy soul be in amazement lost,
 When it considers *him* who *form'd* them all !

Who far above all HEIGHT exalted HIGH,
 Looks downward, blessing all the heav'nly kind !
 Who is so GREAT, that to his sacred eye,
 Those worlds are poor ! creation's whole, confin'd !

Whose uncreated GLORIES are so bright,
 The tribes celestial veil them from the ray !
 Whose LOOK at first gave all those SUNS their light,
 And bade them pour the inexhaustive day !

And

And yet, thus HIGH! thus GREAT! thus GLORIOUS! HE

Doth—wond'rous matchless grace! doth condescend
Upon a breathing atom, upon *me*
To look!—nay more! to be my guardian friend!

My soul! t' adore this grace be thy employ!
My soul! upon this rock alone, rely!
HE is the fountain of life's ev'ry joy!
HE can support thee through eternity!—

POWER alone doth unto GOD belong!
This truth all nature speaks unto my breast
But, with what emphasis by yonder throng,
This glorious truth to ev'ry land's exprest!

When REASON upward bends her piercing eye;
And views the awful scene by NIGHT display'd,
Doth she—in raptur'd with the glorious sky—
Demand, of what these lucid worlds were made?

What gave their polish, so divinely bright?
How were their parts, each for a great intent,
Fashion'd, to give to ev'ry eye delight?
And what it is that doth those parts cement?

What strength amazing, what stupendous force,
Rais'd, and confin'd some to a stated place?
What, others taught, to wheel a rapid course,
Yet never stray from their appointed space?

Th' ALMIGHTY thron'd in everlasting day,
 With voice of MELODY spoke his decree,
 And worlds and worlds, which e'en as nothing lay,
 In order rose, when He said—‘LET THEM BE!'

They rose, and of his LOVE the anthem sung
 To hosts of wond'ring SERAPHIM above!
 And to the song each heav'nly harp was strung,
 And all creation testify'd his LOVE!—

As from mere emptiness those worlds did rise
 In duty to the dread eternal will,
 So, sail they, through the vast profound of skies,
 That sacred law with gladness to fulfil!

EXEMPT from toil, from slightest labour free,
 To raise such forms, to launch them in the sky,
 And through the indefinite make them flee
 From age to age swifter than eagles fly; †

This! this was only for ALMIGHTY Pow'r!
 A Pow'r outreaching e'en an ANGEL's sense!
 This! this! when dire distress and dangers low'r,
 Speaks GOD the certain armour of defence!

Are

† Swifter indeed, incomparably swifter than the velocity of an eagle is the motion of these great bodies.—For instance.—The earth in a daily revolution about her own axis, moves at the rate of more than 1000 miles an hour.
 And,

Are your misfortunes num'rous as the beams
 Of summer-funs?—your wants like sea-shore sands?
These he can bid to pass as airy dreams;
Those more than satisfy from his blest hands!

Doth vice attempt to lure thee from thy way?
 Doth ev'ry human woe thy peace annoy?—
 Hold fast to *him*, and thou shalt never stray,
 And all these woes shall ripen into joy!

Thou canst not be so much immers'd in woe,
 But he can glorious exaltation give!
 Nay! not alone exalt!—he can bestow
 More than thou ask'st! more than thou canst con-
 ceive! †

O 2

This

And, as she annually describes an orbit about the sun, which is computed at 540 millions of miles; she completes, by her two-fold motion, a daily journey of near a million and a half!

† Ephes. 3. 20. The pious BURKITT observes, in dis-
 coursing on the words of the apostle, that it is our duty
 to have such apprehensions, and use such expressions con-
 cerning GOD, as may most strengthen our FAITH. He
 is able, saith the apostle, to do exceeding abundantly above
 all that we can ask or think.—Mark the comprehensive
 fullness of the expression.—He is able to do for us—to do
 abundantly for us—to do exceeding abundantly for us
 above what we can ask—and to do exceeding abundantly
 for us, above what we can think as well as ask! Oh! how
 narrow,

This Pow'r consider, ye, who wayward stray
Far from the path which GOD hath said is right ;
Consider this, nor longer shape your way
To catch a shadow's shade ye call delight !

Consider this, thou very peacock PRIDE,
Nor fix thy soul upon thy gew-gaw plume !
Consider this, ye rebels, who deride
Your GOD ! and shun, O shun th' impending doom !

If *he* but frowns the earth's foundations shake !
Totter the pillars whereon heav'n is built !
O ! dread this frown !—your wretched ways forsake !
Lest JUSTICE crush ye in your height of guilt !

To proofs of this dread Pow'r if ye not bend,
Nor yield obedience to your MAKER's law,
Let TENDERNESS that woes ye like a friend,
Let it allegiance to your sov'reign draw !

Can ye prove ingrates to those bounteous hands
That more than plenty to your wants bestow ?
Can ye run counter to his just commands,
Who is the fount whence ev'ry joy doth flow ?

Would

narrow, short and poor, are our prayers compared with the
POWER of GOD ! 'Tis much that the tongue can ask—
tis more that the mind can think—but—the L ORD is able
to do for us, not only above what we can ask, but abundantly above what we can think !

Would ye a tender parent laugh to scorn,
 Because her love to all your wants would give?
 Because your pain proves to her heart a thorn?
 Because she'd forfeit life that ye should live?

Ah me! ye could not thus ungrateful prove!
 Your hearts must feel for what she would bestow!
 Her love ye would repay with tender love!
 And filial duty in your souls would glow!

O! let a love of tend'r'er, purer kind
 Win ye, as children to ETERNAL GRACE,
 To do *his* laws—which ye will easy find;
 To tread *his* paths—which are the paths of peace!

WISDOM alone doth unto GOD belong!
 This truth all nature speaks unto my breast!
 But, with what emphasis by yonder throng,
 This glorious truth to ev'ry land's exprest!

Oft have I stood, caught with an infant flow'r,
 That, opening, gave its beauties to the view,
 My soul amaz'd at that ALL-KNOWING POW'R,
 Who form'd its parts so exquisitely true!

I've wonder'd oft at his UNERRING skill,
 Who certify'd each particle of dust!
 Who, in a balance, nicely pois'd each hill!
 And did the waters in his hand adjust!

But 'tis pure rapture while yon orbs display
 Clear proofs of WISDOM, than the sun more bright!
 WISDOM! transcending their united ray,
 As their united ray transcends blank night!

What countless stars e'en man's frail sight can reach!
 Consider these, each of amazing size!
 Consider, as a sun-like centre, each,
 A vast retinue round which, of worlds plies!

Yet, in the whole not one an error wears!
 Not one encroaches on another's place!
 Not one of those innumerable spheres
 E'er errs a moment in its destin'd race! †

O ! teach my soul, GREAT GOD ! to acquiesce
 With whatsoe'er thy pleasure may decree ;
 Though gall's my cup ! my pillow, *worſt distress* !
 For WISDOM only doth belong to THEE !

GOODNESS alone doth unto GOD belong ! ‡
 This truth all nature speaks unto my breast!
 But, with what emphasis by yonder throng
 This glorious truth to ev'ry land's exprest ! —

There's

† Since the first of time to the present, not one movement in that astonishing machine the *universe*, has lost or gained in its period, so much as a moment: but, innumerable and complicate as they are, they perform their revolutions, with the utmost nicety of exactness.

‡ None is good save one, that is GOD. Luke 18. 19.—
 None constitutionally, originally, entirely, and invariably
 good,

There's not a bloom that opens to the day,
 But wears this language on its bosom wrote !
 There's not a tenant of the verdant spray,
 But tunes this language in its ev'ry note !

There's not an herb, e'en that which meanest seems,
 But in its properties this language bears !
 There's not a finny native of the streams,
 But this sweet language in its end declares !

There's not a fruit which summer's warmth bestows,
 But to the sense this language doth convey !
 There's not an insect which the summer knows,
 But in its life this language doth display !

LET ART auxiliar prove unto thine eye,
 Then view the sweet leaf which has newly blown,
 An *insect-world* in it thou wilt descry !
 An *epicurean-race*, till then unknown !

There's scarce a single atom of the earth,
 That work to *insect-labourers* denies !
 All liquids give peculiar *tribes* their birth,
 In each, a *navigating-legion* plies !

good, but HE.—His goodness flows in ten thousand streams, solely to bless. 'Tis perfectly disinterested. It is to make happy : for his own happiness is as incapable of encrease as it is of diminution !

The air which in the purest currents flows,
Is thickly *colony'd!* nay, very stone,
Within its gloomy cloisters doth inclose
A num'rous *hermit-people* of its own ! †

Demand

† 'Tis probable, these assertions may appear to such as are not accustomed to microscopical observations, but meer poetical liberties, the idle offspring of fancy.—The contrary is the truth.—For, by the assistance of glasses, millions of insects are discovered, living in the manner the poem has described. And, doubtless, there are millions more so extremely minute as to baffle the eye even when aided by the best glasses. It is owing to a variety of those puny nations, that water sometimes appears as if coloured red, green, yellow, or black. Nature is alive with those exceeding little creatures!—Exceeding little indeed, since a thousand of them united, would not be equal in size, to the smallest particle of sand visible by the naked eye: and, even those are very far from being the smallest creatures discovered by the microscope. Mr. LEWENHOECK, with glasses of his own invention, observed animalcules so extremely small, that he conjectured 1,000,000,000 of them joined, would not be so large as a barley-corn: and yet, these creatures were furnished with instruments, whereby they moved with agility. Pepper-water he observed to abound remarkably with life; having seen in a very small drop, 10,000 creatures. So extremely minute were those, that if a hair was split into 7,800 fibres, each fibre would equal in thickness, any one of them. That there are such minute beings in pepper-water, notwithstanding it has been asserted that what appear as animalcules are nothing more than balls of air set in motion by the ferment-

Demand you, wherefore this vast family,
That mocks the pow'r of numbers to express?
'Th' ALMIGHTY WILL command them TO BE,
That they should freely taste of HAPPINESS!

But

fermentation of the pepper, I am inclined to believe, as the evidence of LEWENHOECK is corroborated, by one who was above the propagation of falsehood, and who made the experiment—Dr. DERHAM. He says, in relating his experiments with the air-pump, that “ the animalcules “ in pepper-water remained in vacuo, twenty-four hours ; “ and, that after they had been exposed a day or two to “ the open air, he found some of them dead, some alive.” Phisico Theol. Ninth Edit. page 9.—What a world of wonders is the insect-race! nay, what a world of wonders is each of them considered apart! The elephant is not a more surprising creature than a gnat or a mite; which, little as they are, are as perfectly constructed, as that enormous animal. The hand of nature is never more masterly than in the construction of those *minutiae*. There is not *one* of them, but is furnished with a *heart* whose alternate dilation and contraction, causes the stream of life to flow regularly through its little veins: a *brain*, in which all the organs of sense terminate: *muscles* which effect the movement of its members: and *nerves*, through which the animal spirits are conveyed, and which are nicely sensible of pain and pleasure. Such as have occasion are furnished with *eyes* of admirable mechanism—their vision accurate—their position such, that the creatures can conveniently see every way without moving them; and thus they are capable of avoiding their enemies, and of obtaining whatever is most necessary for the occasions of life.

Those

But what are those?—How few! if we compare
 Their number, to the multitudes that live
 By HIM!—all tribes of all worlds know his care!
 And from his hand each moment they receive!

Is't ask'd, why worlds innum'rous deck the skies;
 And, to those worlds, why did his will bestow
 Beings, that on the scale of life, arise;
 Beings that still more of perfection know?

That all with wonder and delight should see
 His *wisdom* and his *glory's* excellence!
 But rather, that his sacred hand, should be
 Employ'd to them in pure *beneficence*!

Employ'd,

Those that creep, and have neither wings nor legs, are endued with a *sinuous* motion. Such as dwell on water are accommodated with bristly hinder legs, the bristles of which serve as *oar's*. Others whose necessities demand that they should quickly pass from place to place, possess two or more *wings*. Many, which live by prey, have mouths formed like a *forceps*, wherewith they seize their food; or are armed with a *spear*, to wound and destroy. And some have *teeth* of sufficient strength to perforate the earth, wood, or even stone, for habitations for themselves and their young. Many other curious particulars could be mentioned: but, are not these sufficient instances of *his* wisdom and goodness, in this smallest part of creation, who “openeth *his* hand and satisfieth the desire of every living thing?”

Employ'd, each moment *blessings* to bestow,
Blessings to gladden ev'ry living heart,
To teach the *stream of pleasure* how to flow,
That joy in each degree it should impart !

O wond'rous goodness ! more ! far more than great !
Goodness disinterested and immense !
Thus, all the tribes of all worlds to create,
That *happiness* to *all* it might dispense !

THOU wretched *atheist* ! away with pride !—
Is stubborn pride for creatures of the dust ?
This goodness ! wisdom ! pow'r ! no more deride !
Be what thou'rt stampt ! for GOD is strictly just !

Thy form speaks man : but all thy words confute
The language that thy form speaks to the eye :
How can'st thou pride to rank thee with the *brute* ?
Strange pride to quit a palace for a *sty* !

Wherefore speak'st thou against a future life ?
Thou dread'st, and therefore would'st not have it be ;
Hence warrest thou with *reason* ; hold'st a strife
With *conscience* ; and disclaim'st eternity !

But, against *conscience* thou contend'st in vain :
The famish'd *vulture* still shall gnaw thy breast :
Nor arts, nor efforts, can her end obtain !—
Trust me, she is immortal as the blest !

Would'st

Would'st thou a *dove* should in *her* place reside?
 Attend my song—truth in it speaks to thee—
 Live as a man ! live as creation's pride !
 Live as an heir of blest eternity !

Is there not *something* that informs thee, say,
 Which fears o'er all the fenses can perceive ?—
 That *something* never can obedience pay
 To *death*, nor yield a vi&t'ry to the *grave* :

It flies the frame, yet this continues whole ;
 Therefore the frame *its* lodging but can be :
 'Tis immaterial ;—*free* from all controul ;—
 Eternal then ;—*accountable* since *free*.

ETERNAL and ACCOUNTABLE !—dread sound
 That echoes still in injur'd reason's strain !
 Can aught more harsh unto thine ear be found ?
 Hear ! hear and tremble at ETERNAL PAIN !

O seek that *goodness* which did thee create !
Haste to that *bounty* whereby thou dost live !
Fly ! *fly* to MERCY's arms ere it be late !
 Ere VENGEANCE o'er thee her dread sword doth
 weave !

Would'st thou be great ?—would'st thou obtain a
 crown,
 A crown more worth than if a world were giv'n ?
 Would'st thou be more than CÆSAR in renown ?—
 Subdue thyself !—thy prize ! thy prize is heav'n !

Look

Look up!—Confess thy Maker's love and pow'r,
Are manifest in these bright worlds that move
In concert; own, there's due at ev'ry hour,
Tribute of praise unto that might and love.

What but *omnipotence*, in liquid air
Could forms of such vast magnitude sustain?
Doth not his love in their return appear;
Their blest return to chear night's gloomy reign?

But whither stray I? Whilst upon the dome
Of heav'n I gaze, my careless footsteps tend
Unto the *lonely place* where stands the *tomb*,
That sad retreat where all distinctions end!

Stript of disguise, here I myself may prove;
Here learn to travel life's uncertain road;
Here I can draw instruction as I rove,
To fit me for the debt, at birth I ow'd:

The debt, that letter'd learning; titled pow'r;
Wisdom; and youth, all in its gayest bloom,
Must pay, precisely at the stated hour,
When death's cold finger points unto the tomb.

How oft, for *ruin'd love*, the shepherd here
With ditty, sad and heavy heart complains!
How oft from friendship steals the virtuous tear,
While he reclines o'er some *belov'd remains*?—

Let

Let silence reign while o'er my ravisht ears,
 Sweet warbling hovers on seraphick wings !
 O sure an *angel* some lov'd *spirit* chears
 Who, over death the song of triumph sings !

Now cheerful strains give wings unto my sense !
 Now gentlest accents teach my bosom love !
 Now am I fir'd by musick's eloquence !
 Now taste of rapture ever felt above !

Ah me !—'tis PHILOMELA fills the plain
 With this, so finely modulated song :—
 Methought, unto an earthly voice, a strain
 So soft, so shrill, so deep, could ne'er belong !

Dear minstrel of the night, 'tis kind to sing,
 When all is stillness and solemnity ;
 Besides, thy sisters soft, would drop the wing,
 To hear themselves so much out-done by thee.

By thee, so little fond of glare and shew,
 So simply clad, but blest with song so fine,
 As gives the soul a lesser heav'n to know
 And lifts man o'er himself to what's divine !

Let PAINTING boast of her creative art,
 Let POESY exult in glowing lay,
 Tis thine ! 'tis thine unto the soul t'impart
 A bliss, their efforts never can convey !

Such

Such wond'rous magick lies in *melody*,
FREEDOM to it becomes a willing slave !
SLAV'RY, however shackled, it sets free !
Makes heroes cowards ! and poor cowards brave !

It wins the drop from CRUELTY's hard heart !
Enlivens GRIEF, and soothes her sobbing breast !
Pain it allays ! and doth sweet rest impart !
Where anguish had o'ercome all sense of rest !

But cease my song, for NIGHT resigns her reign,
And westward doth with all her vapours hie :
With joy I see the cheerful day again,
Kindling its colours in the orient sky.

When thus the *night* of this *life's* varying *day*
Is past, upon the virtuous soul beams *morn*,
Eternal morn where pleasure still is gay,
Where joy crowns joy, and transport's still from
transport born !

THE END.

H Y M N

T O T H E

C R E A T O R.

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H Y M N
TO THE
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O THOU who bad'st creation rise !
Whose will sustains the whole !
Which way soe'er I turn mine eyes,
Thy goodness strikes my soul !

Man in thy *love* thou did'st create
And breathe in him thy breath !
For him thy Son quit heav'nly state,
Thy second-self saw death !

For him the *seasons* come and go,
As LORD ! thou dost decree !
For him the various *winds* do blow,
Let loose, O GOD, by thee !

For him *wealth* ripens in each land,
Prolifick is each sea !

Who oft to thy all-bounteous hand,
Neglects e'en thanks to pay !

But thine is *mercy* to forgive
Thy creatures frailty,
Mercy ! that doth their wants relieve
Ere cry they unto thee !

Whate'er *thou giv'st*, with thankfulness
O teach me still to use ;
Nor let me ever thank *thee* less
For what *thou* dost *refuse*.

Whether *above* or in life's *vale*,
That state let *e* prefer :
Still let this truth my soul regale,
That *thou canst never err*.

If I have *much*, O make my heart
As ample as my store !
If *little*, teach me how to *part*
With those who want it *more*.

O let me never hold to view
What *pity* would conceal ;
As I, O God, to others do,
To me let others deal.

On

On me O let thy wisdom ray
The health and joy of light,
Else I in ignorance shall stray,
A meer mole lost in night.

On thee, thou rock that canst not fail!
Assist my HOPE to build!
Still let thy words my FAITH regale,
Thy words which honey yield!

ALMIGHTY FATHER! as thy will
To me did voice bestow,
O let thy praise employ it still
And teach it how to flow!

When with the MORNING thy beauties rise,
The sight, my soul shall move,
To praise the GOD who glads the skies,
And beams on all his love!

When golden NOON displays thy pow'r,
I'll tell the gliding stream,
The hill, the dale, the shady bow'r,
Thou warm'st his ev'ry beam!

At EVE, when thy benignity
And mildness, best are found,
Loud hallelujahs unto thee,
The valleys shall resound!

And

And when retreated is the day,
And PHILOMEL doth raise
Her voice, I'll join the varied lay,
Till NIGHT doth catch thy praise!



F I N I S.